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WOODSTOCK LETTERS.

VOL. III., No. 2.

SKETCH OF THE EARLIEST MINISTRATIONS OF THE SOCIETY IN BALTIMORE.

[*Concluded.*]

The number of Catholics in Baltimore having in course of time increased, they at length determined to build a church; and having secured a lot on Saratoga Street near Charles, they commenced the building on the site of the present academy of the Christian Brothers, known as Calvert Hall, in 1770 or 1771. It was a very plain brick structure of the modest dimensions of about twenty-five by thirty feet, not half the size of our community chapel at Woodstock. This was old St. Peter's, truly in its day the most venerable Church in the United States; an account of which cannot be omitted in a sketch of the early labors of the Society in Baltimore. The builder was a certain Mr. John Mc Nabb. It is probable that the Fathers from Whitemarsh shifted the scene of their periodical ministra-

tions from Fotterall's building to it while it was yet in an unfinished condition. Before its completion, however, Mr. Mc Nabb failed in business, on account of a debt of two hundred pounds in Maryland currency of that day, contracted on account of the building. In consequence, the principal creditor seized the Church, locked it up, and kept the key in his possession until 1774 or 1775. Griffith's "Annals of Baltimore" alludes to this suit in the following amusing words: "By a ludicrous suit against *Ganganelli, Pope of Rome*, for want of other defendant, to recover the advances of Mr. Mc Nabb, who became a bankrupt, the Church was sometime closed at the commencement of the Revolution; and the congregation assembled in a private house on S. Charles St. until possession was recovered." Thus Mr. Griffith, in identifying the cause of a little Church in that remote spot of the Catholic world with the Pope, gives an instance of the conviction of Catholic unity found in those outside of the Church. Furthermore, as Our Fathers were the pastors of that little Church, of which common cause is made with the Pope,—and as that Pope was the same who at that very time suppressed the Society, Mr. Griffith's remark suggests to us the pleasing reflection, how free from bitter feeling the Society is toward the Pontiff who treated it with such severity.—The extract just given from the "Annals" informs us that, after the closing of St. Peter's, the Catholics assembled for Divine Service in a house on S. Charles St.; from which it is inferred that by this time Fotterall's building had been left by them, for some reason. Any further particulars about that house on S. Charles St. we have not obtained.

The manner in which St. Peter's was reõpened at length, was somewhat novel and partook of the spirit of the times. A volunteer company, probably in 1775, which was part of a military force organized to repel the apprehended attacks of Lord Dunmore, Governor of Virginia, was in Baltimore, under the command of one Captain Galbraith. On Sunday

morning some of the soldiers asked permission of the Captain to go to Church. A majority of them desired to go to the Roman Catholic Church; and on learning that it was closed and ascertaining who held the key, they marched in a body, with the Captain at their head, to the residence of Mr. Mc Nabb's creditor above-mentioned. It so happened that this gentleman had fallen under suspicion of being unfavorable to the cause of American independence; and, on seeing a body of soldiers halted in front of his house, he thought they were about to make him prisoner; but on learning their real object, he readily delivered the key to Captain Galbraith. The company then moved off, opened the Church and satisfied their devotion,—whether with the aid of a priest, we are not told. They then delivered the key to the Catholics, who retained possession of the Church until the close of the Revolutionary war. After this period the sum of two hundred pounds was raised by subscription, in order to pay the debt which had embarrassed the Church; and the creditor who had been so peremptorily relieved of the key by the soldiers, relinquished all claim upon it.

Although we have not found it so stated explicitly, we suppose the visiting Fathers from Whitemarsh were the ordinary pastors of St. Peter's until 1784, since we can find no mention of any others, and we are told in general that Baltimore had to depend on them, before we hear of a resident priest. Sometimes clergymen happened to be passing through the town or remaining there temporarily, and they officiated in the little Church. In the year 1782 Count Rochambeau, returning with his army from Yorktown, halted in Baltimore, where some of his troops remained until the close of the war. A portion of them encamped on the ground where the Cathedral now stands, which, as well as that around St. Peter's, was then covered with forest trees. Those soldiers of Catholic France naturally had chaplains; and these frequently celebrated Mass in St. Peter's. On one occasion a grand Mass was cele-

brated with great military pomp by one of them. The bands of the French Regiments accompanied the sacred service with solemn music; the officers and soldiers attended in full uniform, and a large concourse of the people of the town were present; so that not only was the small Church crowded, but the spacious yard in front was also filled.

In 1784, according to Mr. Campbell, the first resident priest was stationed in Baltimore, at St. Peter's, and this was Rev. Charles Sewall; his name therefore is an important one in the Catholic history of the City. He was not a member of the Society *in sensu composito* of his labors there, as our dialecticians would say: but he had been a Jesuit at the time of the suppression, and he was one of the four, of revered memory, who in 1806 reëntered the Society upon its restoration in Maryland. An account of him then is demanded in our Sketch; though the information we have obtained about him is slight.

Curiously enough the only record of his personal qualities which we find, is that, although a faithful and zealous clergyman, he possessed but moderate abilities as an orator. He was born in St. Mary's County, Md., in 1744. His father's estate was at Mattapany, on the Patuxent River, near the Church of St. Nicholas, still attended by Our Fathers, who reside at St. Inigo's, twelve or fifteen miles distant. This estate had been the favorite residence of Charles Calvert, Lord Baltimore, for many years in the latter part of the seventeenth century; and there it was that the deputies of his government took refuge under the protection of a garrison, in the Protestant Revolution of Maryland in 1689,—their forced surrender a few months afterward being followed by the triumph of the Protestant cause in the colony. The estate later came into the possession of the Sewalls. Charles was sent to the college of the Society at St. Omer's, for his studies, in 1758. Whether he had previously been at the Bohemia school, does not appear; though it is probable that he had been. For, as

far back as the early part of the last century, Our Fathers had a boarding-school at the place then and still known as Bohemia Manor, in Cecil County, on the Eastern shore of Maryland,—a colonial Catholic Eton or Rugby, where boys were prepared for the higher colleges of Europe. In this the Fathers had to elude the intolerant laws of the colony, which forbade Catholics to be school-masters ; and hence probably they selected that remote and secluded location. And here it occurs to us to remark that, if reminiscences of the old Bohemia school could be collected, they would supply some pages of very interesting and edifying reading in the Woodstock Letters. Mr. Campbell calls it the Tusculum of the Society of Jesus in the early period of the American Church. At one time it had as many as forty students,—a large number for those days ; and among illustrious men, we know that Archbishop Carroll and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, his cousin, had studied there together before they went to St. Omer's. Archbishop Maréchal is said to have often spoken in raptures of the choice and valuable library established there by Father Farmer, S. J., that excellent man, of whom the annalist of St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, has given us so much interesting information in our Woodstock Periodical.

Father Sewall entered the Society in Europe, in 1764, and soon after the suppression returned to his native State, where he was stationed for some time at St. Thomas' Manor, in Charles County. Father Charles was the older brother of Father Nicholas Sewall, who, being a member of the Society in Europe at the time of the suppression, did not return to his native land : he was made Rector of Stonyhurst in 1808, and subsequently Master of novices ; and on the death of the eminent Father Charles Plowden, in 1821, he succeeded him in the office of Provincial of England. He left behind him, at his death, the reputation of a holy religious and a prudent Superior. From across the sea, Fr. Nicholas watched with interest the progress of

religion in his native land, and was very much rejoiced to see, before his death, the Metropolis of his native State erected into an Archiepiscopal See, with eleven suffragans, —and to know that it was in possession of its new Cathedral and several other Churches,—while, as he had been heard to say, he remembered the time when the Catholics had not even a private room in Baltimore, in which they were suffered to meet for Divine Service.

Returning to Fr. Charles from this, we hope, not uninteresting digression to his brother: he was stationed alone at St. Peter's until he was joined there in 1786 by Fr. Carroll, the future Archbishop; in conjunction with whom he performed the laborious duties of the ministry there for several years. He lived just long enough to reënter the Society, dying in 1806, the year of its restoration in Maryland, above alluded to.

And now we come, in the natural course of our narrative, to the Patriarch of the Church in the United States, Archbishop Carroll,—to whom Oliver, in his collection, applies the words of Ecclesiasticus: "Sacerdos magnus, qui in vita sua suffulsit domum, et in diebus suis corroboravit templum. Templi etiam altitudo ab ipso fundata est."—In 1784 he was appointed by Rome Ecclesiastical Superior of the new Republic, with power to administer Confirmation, bless oils, etc. In 1786, as stated, he fixed his residence at St. Peter's, in Baltimore; and, as is well known, was consecrated Bishop in 1790 at Lulworth Castle in England, a place associated with the Society for so many reasons. But it would be entirely out of place here to enter into any lengthy account of his life, as it would be likewise to dwell long upon that of Leonard Neale, first his coadjutor Bishop for many years, and then his successor in the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore,—the founder of the Order of St. Francis of Sales in America, and whose countenance indeed, in the pictures of him we have seen, reminds one of the mild sanctity of the Geneva Saint. Archbishops Carroll and Neale are

both prominent figures in the general Catholic history of the United States, and their lives have more than once been given to the public and are well known,—recently too from Mr. Clarke's excellent book. We shall only say a few words about their relations with the Society. Both were members of it at the time of the suppression, Fr. Carroll having been made a Professed Father in 1771, while Fr. Neale was considerably younger in religion as in age. We have at hand letters and other writings of the former which contain evidences of his love for the Society.

In a letter written in 1773 he says: "The enemies of the Society, and above all the unrelenting perseverance of the Spanish and Portuguese Ministries, with the passiveness of the Court of Vienna, have at length attained their ends; and our so long persecuted and, I must add, holy Society is no more. God's holy will be done, and may His Name be blessed forever and ever. I am not and perhaps never shall be recovered from the shock of this dreadful intelligence."—In a letter, in 1783, he writes: "God grant that the little beginning in White Russia may prove a foundation for erecting the Society upon once again: but I cannot help wishing that the protectress of it were a more respectable character than she has been often represented." Again in 1784 he writes: "Your intelligence, though not quite new to me, is truly comfortable. What a wonderful display of the power of Divine Providence over the wily politics of wicked and oppressive tyranny of powerful men, would a general restoration of the Society exhibit!"—And in his address published the same year, in reply to the anti-Catholic publication of Mr. Wharton, who, after having been a priest of the Society at the time of the suppression, subsequently apostatized from the Faith, became a Protestant clergyman, and, it may be well to add, a husband,—yet who, remarkably enough, never, in his fallen state, spoke of the Society but in words of praise or even of affection—in his reply to him, Fr. Carroll places a note containing the fol-

lowing affectionate allusion to the Society: "I will take this occasion to thank my former friend for the justice he has done to the body of men to which, in our happier days, we both belonged; and whom the world will regret, when the want of their services will recall the memory of them, and the voice of envy, of obloquy, of misrepresentation, will be heard no more."

Father Carroll was the founder of Georgetown College; and Father Leonard Neale * was its President when appointed Coadjutor Bishop. Shea's De Courcy's history says of them: "The two ex-Jesuits, become bishops, would, it may be imagined, care little about the fate of their Society, extinguished thirty years before; but the sons of the Society of Jesus never forget their Mother." We have an additional testimony of this in their joint letter, in 1803, to Fr. Gruber, Superior in Russia, petitioning for the restoration of the Society in the United States; in which they state, among other things, that the property of the Society was preserved here almost intact. They died within two years of each other, respectively in 1815 and 1817.

* Bishop Neale remained President of the College and resided there for some years after his episcopal consecration. Our venerable Father Mc Elroy, who is now in his ninety-second year, and has been a member of the Society since 1806,—the oldest living Jesuit, we believe, both in age and vocation,—knew him as far back as 1804, and received through him his first knowledge of the Society. We have from his lips the following facts, which will prove both interesting and edifying:—

The Bishop resided at that time in the old south building of Georgetown College, in the room opposite the small chapel of the community, and next to the "Ascetory." There Fr. Mc Elroy, then of course quite a young man, having his home in Georgetown, was accustomed to visit him, in order to enjoy the advantage of his spiritual direction. The room was at the same time the library of the College. The Bishop's bed was folded up into the form of a cupboard during the day, and every evening on the approach of bed-time was spread out by the colored man who attended to the refectory.—Bishop Neale was an admirable director of consciences and possessed, said Fr. Mc Elroy, more than any one else he ever knew, the power of winning hearts to himself and to God. His life, even then in his old age and feeble health, and with his dignity of bishop, was as regular as a novice's. He rose every morning at four o'clock, made a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and then returned to his room for his hour of meditation, before saying Mass. Fr. Mc Elroy was subsequently, May 31st, 1817, ordained priest by him a few weeks before his death.

After the ordination of Fr. Enoch Fenwick, S. J., in 1808, Archbishop Carroll applied for and obtained this Father for the post of Rector of St. Peter's in Baltimore; which post he occupied until the first part of Archbishop Maréchal's administration; and it was through his zealous coöperation, in a great measure, that this same Archbishop was enabled to complete the new Cathedral of Baltimore, begun so many years before by Archbishop Carroll. Fr. Enoch was afterward Rector of Georgetown College, in whose beautiful little cemetery he rests, participating in the shade of the giant willows which so appropriately overhang the uniform rows of marble slabs and of box-wood squares, enclosing the lilies and rose-bushes which alternately bloom and droop above the ashes of the dead. After Fr. Fenwick's departure from Baltimore, Ours had no residence there for more than twenty-five years.

Now a few words about St. Peter's, before we close; which, by the by, should not be confounded with the St. Peter's of to-day, on Poppleton St... which is a considerable distance from the site of the old Church, and was not built until the latter had been thrown down. After the Revolutionary War the little Church was enlarged by an addition larger than the original dimensions. Thus improved, it was the Cathedral of Archbishops Carroll and Neale, the scene of the first episcopal consecration in the United States, that of Bishop Neale in 1800; in 1810 it witnessed the consecration of Dr. Egan, first Bishop of Philadelphia, and of Dr. Cheverus, first Bishop of Boston; and indeed all the hallowed memories which clung to its old walls, would be too numerous to mention. Hence it is not to be wondered at that it was dear to the Catholics of Baltimore, and that it was still allowed to stand twenty years after the new Cathedral at its side had been completed and dedicated, with which it could bear no comparison in material appearance. During that period it was for many years used only on week days, for the Masses of the clergy of the Cathedral;

but afterward Divine Service was held in it on Sundays also. At length the need of ground on which to build a school for boys, compelled its tearing down in 1841 or 1842.

It was said above that for many years none of Our Fathers resided in Baltimore; but St. Peter's remained in their place,—and may we not say that it continued their labors, sanctified as it was by the sacred ministrations, and still echoing the teachings and exhortations, of the Whitemarsh Fathers, and of a Sewall, a Carroll, a Neale and a Fenwick? Indeed after its demolition, but a few years elapsed until Ours were again stationed in the City—St. Joseph's Church having been placed under the pastoral charge of Fr. Wm. F. Clarke in 1849. This church was given up again about twelve years ago. But in the meantime Loyola College had been opened, with the late Fr. Early as Rector, in 1852; which is now conducted in the large and imposing building on Calvert St.; and connected with it is an exquisitely beautiful Church, notwithstanding the disproportion between its length and width, around whose altars the warmest affections of many fervent Catholics of Baltimore have twined themselves.—In conclusion, we hope that much more good, even, than has been done in the past, is destined yet to be accomplished by Ours in the future, in the "Monumental City."

NOTE.

We have a very old English Bible in our Woodstock library, on one of the fly-leaves of which is pasted an old and torn slip of paper bearing the following inscription:

RESIDENTIÆ BALTIMORENSI · (S. J.)
EX DOMO
RDI. P. JOS: GREATON
ANNO DÑI 1752

RESIDENTIÆ STI. JOSEPHI
IN BALTIMORE

The last two lines are in a different handwriting, and apparently more recent. The initials in parenthesis also, (S. J.), seem to have been added later. This inscription at first puzzled us a good deal, as we could not find from any other source the faintest evidence to show that there was a residence of the Society in Baltimore as early as 1752: indeed more than one of the facts given in the preceding Sketch, as the reader may easily see, are entirely against such a supposition. It seems to us, however, that the inscription can be explained otherwise. The book may have belonged to Fr. Greaton's house, in some other part of Maryland or in Pennsylvania, in 1752, and have become the property of the *Residentia Baltimorensis* at a much later date. The last two lines were probably added after 1849, the year when Our Fathers took charge of St. Joseph's Church, as mentioned in the text. Our theory is that the book belonged to the old residence at St. Peter's (Baltimore), during the suppression of the Society; and an additional reason is that the letters (S. J.), as already stated, seem to be of a much later date than the lines immediately to the left. But having given the inscription as we found it, we will let those of our readers who may take interest in it, explain it as they think best.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

PART THIRD.

The fields around the quiet City of Philadelphia wear not the hues that erewhile made them bright, when Summer's late repentant smile died among its golden days. The ruddy light of lingering flowers glance no more along its plains. But the level sward lies cold and gray, and chill and drear, the fitful wind makes lonely moaning in the trees and dull the Delaware flows by, with no smile upon his face, while the naked branches with here and there an empty nest lie shadowed on his breast. It is a dreary scene. But deep within the inner heart of nature, beats on a pulse of glorious life, waking germs rife with beauty, and buds of richest, rarest growth are folded, leaf by leaf in gloom, that on the Mays to come shall fling their fragrance and their bloom. We should not call the world all dark though every smile it wore be faded; the light of God's eternal love is round it evermore. The radiant bloom of life-love's Summer glow, are His immortal gifts to man, and oftentimes all we mourn as lost and gone, but waits us in the days to be.

The April of 1833, I have seen it stated, was one of more than ordinary fickleness, and the Catholics of Philadelphia had begun to fear the experience of their Church was to be one continuous April-day. But when Very Rev. Father Visitor Kenny, accompanied by Father Stephen Dubuisson arrived, about the middle of the month, at St. Joseph's, the May-day of Catholicity dawned at once upon the Quaker City.

Rev. Terence Donaghoe had already left and taken up his abode in the basement of St. Michael's Church, where for many months he dwelt to the great edification of the Catholics, not only of Kensington, but of the whole City. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Conwell, with his nephew Henry Mc Keon, and an indefinite number of nieces remained at St. Joseph's. Our Fathers, who in October were joined by Father James Ryder, were allowed to have a stove placed in the kitchen, where their cook and maid-of-all-work prepared their meals; they had the use also of one of the ground floor rooms, as parlor, dining room, and confessional, of the sacristy and three attics; the rest of the house was occupied by my Lord and his numerous relatives.

The good Bishop, from their very arrival, treated Our Fathers in a kindly manner, but his relatives regarded them in the light of intruders; and with a view to the purse, generally had some one posted near the door, so that when a baptism or a marriage arrived, the party might be conducted to uncle's room, where the Sacrament was administered in the most expeditious manner.

About this time the Bishop's sight began to greatly fail. The entries he still made in the registries present an amusing appearance.

Though seldom able to offer the great Sacrifice, it was his invariable custom to be present at the late Mass. Seated upon his throne at the Gospel side of the Sanctuary, he generally enjoyed a pleasant nap during the sermon, finishing with a stentorian "Deo gratias," at the end, to the not infrequent annoyance of the eloquent Father Ryder, who, having his rhetorical pauses so often marred by the Bishop's neither opportune nor dulcet tones, sometimes remarked that 'Deo Gratias' was a beautiful prayer, but it was not always a word in season.

The elegant author of Ahsahgunushk Numanahtahseng, speaking of the early Jesuits of America, says: "Admirable

indeed were the exertions, the virtues, and the sufferings of many, very many of these great and good men. Here they were the civilizers, the discoverers, the colonists, the fertilizers of the boundless waste—the friends, the teachers, the Christianizers, and, alas! but too often the martyrs of the stern and savage Red men.

"The falls of the farthest western rivers, from Niagara to the head waters of the Mississippi and the foaming rapids of the Sault St. Marie, the forest and the prairie, yea! and the ice-bound pinnacles of the Rocky Mountains were familiar to their wandering footsteps; and before commerce or agriculture had begun to hold dominion along the shores of the Atlantic, they were felling the trees of the wilderness far to the Northward of the great lakes, choosing their stations with rare sagacity—for there be now but few of them which are not the sites of great and prosperous cities —and sowing in the breasts of their Indian neophytes that good seed of faith, which should lead by grace of the Most High unto eternal life.—They were navigators, hunters, agriculturists, fishers, antiquarians, naturalists; they were the tamers of the forest, no less than the teachers of the Indian."*

Immediately upon their arrival, Our Fathers, as true sons of Ignatius, began their pastoral duties, and at once Father Dubuisson won the hearts of his parishioners by his amiable conduct and saintly life. It is over forty years since his arrival, and to this day, there are those who talk of him as a saint. One of our Fathers,† then a youth, relates that suddenly entering the Sacristy, one Sunday afternoon, during Vespers, he found him elevated in the air in rapt meditation. His first baptisms and marriage were on the 21st of April,‡ while Father Kenny seems not to have administered these Sacraments until the end of July.

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* Henry William Herbert's—*The Reed Shaken by the Wind*, Chap. II.

† Rev. Patrick Duddy, S. J. ‡ Bap. Reg. p. 351, and Mar. Reg. p. 318.

Soon after his arrival, Father Dubuisson began to make converts, and was most successful among the Quakers, or as Philadelphians prefer to call them, the Friends.*

In the early part of 1834, Father Edward Mc Carthy was sent as an assistant to Father Dubuisson. His first baptism was that of a female infant, at the present day, a zealous member of St. Joseph's, and not long since Prefect of the Young Ladies' Branch of the Sodality of our Holy Mother.† My earliest impressions of Father Mc Carthy, who was, I think, the first Jesuit I ever saw, were not of a very pleasing nature. In the Autumn of this year, one bright Sunday morning, I had been dressed to accompany a sister to late Mass. Becoming impatient at the delay occasioned by the young lady's putting the finishing touches to her dressing, with the independence of "Young America," I started by myself—to her no small fright when she missed me. Passing up the quadrangle, I saw at one of the windows a jovial red face. With infantile impertinence I stood to stare at the vision of manly beauty. "Do you come to Sunday School?" said a deep voice. "No, sir;" answered I, in a penny-trumpet squeal. "Then run home, we don't have young shavers around here that don't come to Sunday School," responded he, deeply gruff. Like the youthful patriot who broke the pane of glass and then ran home to get the money to pay for it, I turned my face towards the maternal residence, whither I was betaking myself as speedily as my diminutive legs would permit, when I found my frightened sister coming in hasty quest of the wanderer. She persuaded me to return, and when a short time after I saw the dignified priest and heard his melodious Preface and Pater Noster, I thought it could not be the same man. After Mass I was taken to shake hands with the holy missioner, when a hearty laugh and a slice of gingerbread removed all unfavorable impressions.

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*Bap. Reg. p. 256. †Do. p. 263.

In August of this year, Father James Curley, the venerable professor of Astronomy at Georgetown College, for a short time, performed parochial duties at St. Joseph's.*

In 1835 Father Dubuisson did not confine his zealous labors to the congregation of St. Joseph's. But in the early part of January we find him amid the ice, and snow, and whistling winds of Susquehanna County, at Silver-Lake, Friendsville; in Carbondale, Luzerne County; Honesdale, Wayne County; and other places in the same neighborhood.†

Father Richard Harvey was sent in 1836 to assist Fathers Dubuisson and Mc Carthy, but as his name does not appear either in the Baptismal or Marriage Registry, I can form no idea how long he remained.

Towards the end of this year, Bishop Conwell became so feeble that he desisted from baptizing and blessing marriages. His last marriage record was on November 20th,‡ and his last baptismal record on April 18th, 1837.§

During these years our Fathers had charge of Trenton, Pleasant Mills, and other places in New Jersey.

The year 1838 is one not lightly to be passed over in the Annals of St. Joseph's. On the feast of St. Francis de Sales, the 29th of January, a meeting of the Catholics of the City was held in the church, the most Blessed Sacrament having been removed. Charles Johnson, Sr., presided. Joseph Dugan, Esq., and Cavalier Keating, father of Sr. Mary Joseph of the Order of the Visitation and Grandfather of Dr. Wm. Keating of this City were the speakers. At this meeting it was resolved to replace the old church erected, as his cathedral, by Bishop Conwell, in 1820, with a larger and more modern structure, to meet the wants of the large and respectable congregation worshipping at St. Joseph's.

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* Bap. Reg. p. 285.
† Do. pp. 293, 294, 295.
‡ Mar. Reg. p. 231.
§ Bap. Reg. p. 302.

On Monday, May 7th, service was held for the last time in the dear and venerated chapel, as it was then called, and as it is called to the present day. Service was held, yes, a peculiarly Catholic service was held—the service of services—the Holy Mass was offered by Fathers Ryder and Barbelin, for all living and dead, who had ever worshipped within its walls.

The United States Gazette, then the leading paper of Philadelphia, on June the 5th, published the following notice:

ST. JOSEPH'S.

"On Monday afternoon the corner-stone of St. Joseph's Church was laid in the lot between Willing's Alley and Walnut Street. The ceremonies were interesting and to many entirely new. At an early hour the place was thronged with persons, anxious to witness the services; and about half past three o'clock a procession of clergymen and attendants came to the staging prepared for the ceremonies; when the Rev. Mr. Ryder announced that in consequence of the rain, the address would be given in St. Mary's Church. Thither some of the company repaired, enough to fill that large edifice; and the priests preceding Bishop Conwell, all in their clerical dresses, and accompanied by the customary youthful attendants of the altar, went in procession to St. Mary's.

"Mr. Ryder then, in a truly eloquent discourse, explained the ceremonies of the occasion, pointed out the causes for gratitude which Catholics had to God for their liberties in this country, and their duty and willingness to pray for and defend that liberty.

"After the address, the priests chanted the litany of the Saints, and then all returned to the site of the proposed edifice.

"The priests then intonated one of the psalms, and the corner-stone was laid by the Rev. James Ryder, Senior

Pastor of St. Joseph's, in the presence of the Right Rev'd Bishop Conwell. A procession was then made round the site of the building, while a psalm was chanted.

"In the corner-stone were placed, coins, pamphlets, papers of the day, small notes, and other articles of the present times, with a scroll upon which was inscribed, in most exquisite chirography, the following:

QUOD FELIX FAUSTUM FORTUNATUMQUE SIT
DEIQUE IN GLORIAM BENE VERTAT.

IN THE PONTIFICATE OF GREGORY SIXTEENTH,
THIS
CORNER STONE OF THE NEW ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH,
IS LAID, THE FOURTH DAY OF JUNE;
BEING WHITSUN MONDAY, IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD,
ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND THIRTY EIGHT,
OF THE INDEPENDENCE OF THESE UNITED STATES
THE SIXTY SECOND;
IN THE ADMINISTRATION OF MARTIN VAN BUREN,
EIGHTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES;
JOSEPH RITNER, GOVERNOR OF
PENNSYLVANIA;
JOHN SWIFT, MAYOR OF THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.
RIGHT REV. HENRY CONWELL, BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE:
RIGHT REV FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, COADJUTOR:
REV. THOMAS F. MULLEDY, PROVINCIAL OF THE
SOCIETY OF JESUS IN THE PROVINCE OF MARYLAND;
REV. JAMES RYDER AND FELIX JOSEPH BARBELIN OF THE SAME
SOCIETY OF JESUS, PASTORS OF ST. JOSEPH'S
CHURCH.

"John Maguire, Joseph Donath, John Maitland, Martin Murphy and John Darragh co-operating with the pastors as a building committee, in the name of the Catholics of the City and County of Philadelphia, by whose generous

contributions, despite the unparalleled pecuniary difficulties of the country, the church is to be erected, under the superintendence of John Darragh, Architect, who employs Michael Gahegan to dig the cellar, David Ryan as stonemason, Edward Carr and George Johnson as bricklayers, James Carroll, marble mason, and Thomas Ryan, carpenter, on the site of the old St. Joseph's, endeared to the Catholic community by the hallowed recollections of more than a century, as the cradle of their faith in this City, and the resting place of the mortal remains of their parents, kindred, and friends; consecrated by the labors of those venerable pioneers of religion, a Snyder, a de Ritter, a Farmer, a Molyneux and their associates, of the Society of Jesus; illustrious, notwithstanding its humble state, as the nursery of many distinguished ecclesiastics of the secular clergy, and ever memorable as the first temple in which the hymn of thanksgiving was chanted to the God of armies, in the presence of Washington and his staff, and the representatives of France and the United States, for the blessings bestowed upon the infant Republic in her struggle for right and liberty."

In digging the foundations it became necessary to remove the remains of the early Catholics buried around the chapel. Some were removed by their relatives and reinterred in St. Mary's, Holy Trinity, and St. Augustine's cemeteries. The bones of the laity who remained were placed in strong boxes and buried beneath the furnace. Those of the clergymen, all of whom were found, were placed under the altar. It was remarkable with regard to the remains of Fr. Farmer that the stole remained intact, while the other vestments as well as the flesh had disappeared. Among these are the bones of Fr. Lawrence Louis Graessl of the old Society. He was the first appointed to the Bishopric of Philadelphia, but died before the arrival of the bulls.

Sometime later the venerable Father John Mc Elroy, who had just built the fine church of St. John in Frederick

City, was substituted for Father Ryder in the building of St. Joseph's. He brought Mr. John Tehan from Frederick to act as Architect and somewhat altered the plans of Mr. John Darragh. For the better? Adhuc sub judice lis est.

Father Barbelin, truly styled the children's friend, foreseeing the great good to be done in coming years through the instrumentality of the Sunday-school, was very desirous of having a lofty class-room; I have been told, the holy man went on his knees, in his earnestness for the salvation of souls yet unborn, but he was unsuccessful. It was not until years after that he succeeded in having the arches and vaults removed to obtain the miserable basement so dear to the hearts of Philadelphia Catholics. Poor basement! you are not without your laurels. The late saintly Bishop Neuman once remarked to the writer of these Annals: "St. Joseph's basement has done the work of many churches."

To supply for the supports removed, Father Barbelin had a large beam erected, composed of wood, stone, and cement, which is now the only support of the beautiful main altar, an altar weighing many tons. May we not hope that the spirit of the holy Father Barbelin will watch over this loved basement and the sacred altar where he officiated for so many years and preserve them from any serious accident. This basement, dark and dreary as it is, is dearly loved, and every effort is being made to beautify it as much as possible. During the last year, three handsome altars have been erected—in the middle, one dedicated to the Sacred Heart of our dear Redeemer—on the Gospel side, one in honor of St. Aloysius, the Patron of youth, while on the Epistle side stands the altar of the Saving Passion, with its massive Crucifix. Shrines to our Immaculate Mother, our loved Patron, St. Joseph and the holy Angel Guardians,—a portrait of the venerated Barbelin, a large oil-painting of the present director of the Sunday-school, and statues, and vases, and flowers arranged in every

available place, serve to render it more cheerful looking, and on a Sunday afternoon when the altars and shrines are lighted and the smiles of a thousand happy innocent faces serve to illumine it, it presents a sight pleasing not only to Angels bnt also to men.

The destruction of the old church called into exercise the pens of many of her children. On June the 9th, the Public Ledger published the following poetical effusion, which I insert not for its poetic excellence, but as a specimen of the Catholic literature of the day.

ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH.

Beneath its roof—and Persecution's rod,
Some pious friends of yore conceived it meet
To join in prayer, at times, unto their God,
And chant His praises there in accents sweet.

'Twas there at eve, beset by bigot crew,
Those holy men its sacred walls upraised,
And oft as they their labors would renew,
As oft again the work the bigots razed.

'Twas then FRIEND PENN whose just and peaceful sway
Conserved alike the subjects of the State,
Proclaimed anew that they should sing and pray
As their own conscience to them should dictate.

O happy hour! so rife with great events
For those in aftertimes who've trod life's stage,
When Truth o'erpowered sectarian discontents,
And press'd them close to smother in their rage.

And now relieved from fell oppression's yoke,
And sainted FARMER at his altar stood,
With hands uplifted, there did God invoke
To shower His blessings on our brave and good.

And by his side in humble posture knelt
The Father of our land—Virginia's Son,
To thank his God, for he in earnest felt
'Twas He alone, for him, each battle won.

So now this "lowly shed" where deeds so grand
Transpired so oft to sanctify its name,
Has fled—its *wings* but only to expand,
And raise its *crest* proportioned to its fame.

LIBER.

About the same time a gentleman who, in his youth had been a member of St. Joseph's, published a letter from which I make the following extract:

"It occupied all the ground enclosed in the modern structure. It was an oblong building, running East and West, with the ceiling arched in the centre, probably not more than twenty-five feet high, from the floor; the sides along the North and South walls, having flat roofs, about twelve feet high. It had no gallery, but there was a small organ-loft at the West end, under the arch. The roof had its main supports from a series of posts resting in the pews of the North and South aisles. The church was badly lighted and worse ventilated. The few windows in the North and South walls merely afforded what is termed 'a dim religious light.' Transgressors who sought religious grace, found in that little chapel nought to distract their minds or their eyes in the way of ornamental art or gaudy show. It was built for, and appropriated solely to, the worship of the only Superior recognized by an intelligent and consistent Catholic.

"The walls exteriorly were rough-cast and pebble-dashed, thus throwing difficulty in the way of young America inscribing his name for the edification and benefit of anxious inquirers or unborn millions.

"It was an entirely plain building, about one hundred feet long, with a flat roof on each side about fourteen feet in width, extending the whole length. There were probably eight windows in the North front, of medium size, with old fashioned 8 by 10 window glass in them. The entrance to the church was through a small doorway at the end of each front, and this fact seemed to create a law for those who lived up town to use the Walnut Street passage way, and for those who lived in the Southerly direction to use the Willing's Alley route.

"The only efforts attempted for many years in the way of internal improvement consisted simply in whitewashing

the walls. The chancel enclosed about three fifths of the width of the building, thus leaving room for several pews in the Northeast and Southeast corners, the latter of which were occupied by a race of colored Christians, who, I am afraid, have all been called away. They were of French and West Indian birth, and were bound devotedly together by good words and for good works. They met frequently, by a law of their own, in that old church, and there prayed aloud in their native French, while they counted their beads, treasured as heir-looms. I have often listened to them with real pleasure, and endeavored to learn and repeat the prayers which escaped from their lips. Citizens who pedestrianized this City when its population was estimated at 150,000 persons, looked kindly, if not wishfully at some of those identical old colored ladies, as they sat at the most frequented corners with their heads enveloped in gay bandanna turbans, and holding in their laps a tray well supplied with groundnut cakes and cocoanut balls! Bless their old souls! But they have all passed away.

"St Joseph's then contained in the parsonage adjoining, on the South, quite a numerous family of worthies. There was the liberal and amiable old Bishop Henry Conwell. He had with him his nephew, Dr. Christopher Columbus Conwell, one of the most brilliant writers of his day, and a niece, still living here. The Rev. Wm. Vincent Harold and Rev. Mr. Ryan of the Order of Dominican Friars, and Rev. James Cummiskey, were the regular officiating clergymen there. Then we had the Rev. John Hughes, ordained there, and who rose rapidly in favor with the citizens generally, who built for him the Church on Thirteenth Street, known as St. John's, which soon after became the Cathedral. Perhaps no man ever occupied a more exalted position in religious, literary, and political circles, than this same John Hughes, when he afterwards became bishop of New York. He had risen from the position of a common laborer on the public roads of Pennsylvania from which he

was transferred to Mount St. Mary's College at Emmitsburg, Maryland; where he was made kitchen-gardener and received instructions in the different branches of the College course, after working hours. Officers of that institution have informed me that no graduate ever better deserved its honors than John Hughes. St. Joseph's had at that time the Rev. Terence Donaghoe, who also became prominent in church affairs. St. Michael's Church, in Kensington, was built for him, and he continued in charge of it during his life."

The gentleman is mistaken with regard to Rev. Terence Donaghoe—upon the death of his great friend, Bishop Conwell, he migrated to the great West, where he died a few years since. He happened to be in the City at the time of the riots, in 1844, and had the melancholy satisfaction of witnessing from the belfry of St. Augustine's the conflagration of the church and convent he had built with so much labor, and on the same evening of witnessing from the N. E. corner of Willing's Alley the burning of St. Augustine's.

On the 11th of February 1839, the new church was consecrated, being, I think, the second church in the United States consecrated to the Living God. I extract the following beautiful verses from "The Spirit of the Times:"

LINES

On the Consecration of St. Joseph's, in the City of Philadelphia, 11th Feb., 1839.

I.

Oh Thou of Heaven's high throne—
Almighty and alone—
Whose will can circle countless worlds unknown; least understood
Father of life to thee
We bend the worship-knee—
The only Lord—the only great—the universal good.

II.

Within these sacred walls,
Where every spell recalls,
Freedom beneath the banner in patriot battle won;
Where valor, virtue, met,
And glory's stamp was set
On him the pure commissioned chief—Columbia's WASHINGTON.

III.

Look down in mercy here,
Withdraw the hand severe
Thy justice could have lifted against Thy erring flock;
And let Thy mercy bless,
As in the wilderness
When Moses found and Israel drank Thy waters from the rock.

IV.

Oh! more than mortal heart
Can picture what Thou art,
Should be his spirits heaven-lit fire of gratitude to Thee,
That he thus lifts the sign—
The banner-cross divine
To Thy pure worship in a land—so sacred and so free.

V.

Here saints and patriots knelt
Who kindred feelings felt, [sword!
Who rais'd the flag and brav'd the fight and wav'd the victor's
Not for terrestrial power,
That too debasing dower,
But for Thy name "least understood," yet boundlessly ador'd.

VI.

Let but Thy pleasure now
Illume Thy smiling brow,
And we who've here assembled, can lift our hope afar;
That this deep anthem song
With heaven's sweet hopes so strong
Shall countless generations bring to Thy consoling star!

VII.

Holy! holy! holy—
Triune—Godhead solely—
This ground is wet with sinner's tears; a tribute to Thy love;
Oh grant that we rejoice
With th'Archangelic voice
From grassy grave and ocean—lead us to Thee above.

JOHN AUGUSTUS SHEA.

Philadelphia, Feb. 11th, 1839.

Sunday the 27th of September 1840, being the three hundredth anniversary of the Confirmation of the Society of Jesus, was a day of much more than ordinary devotion at St. Joseph's. The services were of the most imposing character. From half past five in the morning, Mass followed Mass, at each of which hundreds received 'the food that maketh strong.' Although an admission fee of $1.00 was charged at the late service, the church was crowded. 'Haydn's Imperial Mass' was sung for the first time in America, the wife of the French Consul and Miss Susan de la Roche being the chief singers. The side pews in the galleries were removed to make room for an orchestra of over eighty pieces. The exercises of the day concluded with the solemn benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament and the singing of Haydn's magnificent 'Te Deum.'

On October 24th, three large paintings by Don Pedro Martinez were placed behind the altars. That of the Crucifixion—a copy of Rubens, is considered to be one of the best in the country. Although somewhat darkened by age, it is impossible to gaze upon the agony of Jesus' face, the resigned anguish of Mary Mother's countenance, the wondering and yearning look of St. John and the almost hopeless despair of Mary Magdalene without acutely feeling the acursed weight of sin. I have seen even callous Quakers weep when gazing upon this picture. A Holy Family after Murillo and a Sacred Heart placed at this time behind the side altars have been removed to make room, one for a marble statue of our Immaculate Queen, the other for a painting on the same theme by a Protestant artist—smaller in size, and some think in artistic merit. Before the old one how many tears of repentance have been shed by sincere sinners! The calm benevolence of the countenance seemed to say: 'Son, there is a place for you in this heart' —while the face of one of the Angels, gazing into the eyes of his Lord with a look of adoring wonder too great even for angelic intelligence, is in itself an eloquent sermon on the love of God.

In 1841 we find Fr. Havermans as Superior with Fr. Barbelin as assistant, and Brother Edmund Quinlan, teacher of the Boys' school. In the early part of this year, Father Barbelin began the Sodalities for young men and ladies, and on the 15th of August, a third branch for married men. This was the first Sodality of the Blessed Mother established in this country outside of Colleges and Academies. It was soon followed by a Sodality established in St. Mary's Church by Father Edward Sourin, and in a short while these Sodalities were spread over the length and breadth of the land and have been found to be a most powerful instrumentality in keeping the young faithful in the discharge of their religious duties and of gaining souls to God.

1842, Father Ignatius Combs is Superior with Father Virgil Barber as second assistant, while Father Barbelin had charge of the schools, there being a day-school for girls taught by a Miss Shannon. During this year he introduced the pious devotion of the Bona Mors. Father Combs soon became endeared to the people of the congregation by his simplicity of manners.

On the 13th of February, Father Mc Carthy died at Whitemarsh, Md. It is now over thirty years, and still people speak of his labors at Pottsville as well as at St. Joseph's, and of his beautiful singing.

For some years the Sunday School had met in a large school room in 2nd Street opposite German. This being fully a mile from the Church, we may imagine the inconvenience caused good Father Barbelin, who many a time must have longed for the gift of ubiquity. During this year it entered upon its present quarters.

In the early part of 1843, Bishop Conwell began to perceptibly fail. During the latter part of his life he was deprived of his sight and had a novel way of impressing upon his memory the features of his visitors. When one knelt to receive his episcopal benediction he would rub his

hand over every part of the head and countenance, and manipulate the cranium of his unfortunate visitor as the artist does the clay he intends for his model. His sight had failed but his other faculties remained bright until within a short time of his death. He made his last will and testament, leaving St. Joseph's Cemetery, which was deeded in his name, to the Fathers of St. Joseph's and placed this will in the hands of his executor, Rev. Terence Donaghoe, but, about a week before his death, he asked for it, promising to return it in a day or two. After his death this will could not be found.

His nieces and nephews, as his heirs, laid claim to this home of the dead, with the honorable exception of his eldest niece and her estimable husband, to whose suffering for justice I have already paid tribute in Part 2nd. Our Fathers applied to the Courts. At first it was decided in favor of the relatives, who were so elated that they began to survey the ground in order to lay it out in building lots. An appeal was made to the Court in Equity who made a final decision in favor of the congregation. Most of the relatives soon recognized the justice of this decision and became edifying members of the congregation. The children of some of them are among my regular monthly penitents.

One found it more difficult to forgive and forget. Sometime after, wishing to injure Father Barbelin in the estimation of Bishop Kenrick, he sent a letter making the foulest accusations against Fr. B's honesty and morality. He feared his writing might be recognized and adopted the ingenious, if tedious, method of cutting the words from newspapers and pasting them in order. His Lordship immediately sent this epistle to St. Joseph's. Mr. James Smith, a shrewd business man, was in Father Barbelin's room at the time of its reception; and upon its having been shown to him, remarked: "I'll find out before sundown who sent that contemptible bundle." Without asking

permission he carried the document with him, and went to a stand for second-hand books. Acting on the principle that might makes right, he opened the closets of this stand and there he found the very papers from which the words had been cut. "I'll make you suffer for this," said he,—"they have comfortable quarters in Moyamensing palace —I'll use all my influence to have Father Barbelin sue you for libel." The man was horribly frightened; but as the meek Jesuit took the Christian's revenge, he became one of his warmest admirers. At this time, this grave-yard, the cause of so much litigation, is a source of expense rather than of revenue; but it is still the last resting place of many of Philadelphia's poor.

On the 20th of April, Father Barbelin anointed Bishop Conwell. He died on the 22nd, having led an eventful and troubled life; a man of more mistakes than faults; a proof that varied acquirements and even good intentions do not always fit one for a responsible position.

In 1843 the interior of the church, which up to this time had been dressed in white, was much improved by Signor Monachesi's frescoes. The ceiling was a master-piece, its simplicity of design being its unique charm. The ground-work was a silver dove color—the centre was the Jesuits' monogram—the I. H. S. in the midst of a massive, richly-gilt glory. In each corner was a medallion of dual angels bearing instruments of the Suffering. These, together with the simple scroll-work, presented an exquisitely chaste appearance, to many, much more pleasing than that combination of bright green, yellow, pink, blue, brown, magenta, etc., to be found in almost every village church throughout the country. In 1853 the walls were again painted, in what, from its resemblance to a useful article of the toilet, the witty Fr. John Mc Guigan designated the Castelian style of architecture; but the ceiling was not touched until 1872, when its dingy, almost leprous appearance necessitated its renovation.

(*To be continued.*)

FATHER WENINGER ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

FIFTH LETTER.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

P. C.

The year 1870 began like its predecessors, with my own Retreat; and St. Ignatius' College this time became my Manresa. I like to make the *Exercises* at the opening of the new year; it is at least a feeble mark of respect and veneration for their author, and for the Society to which we have been called. For it was while performing these Exercises, that St Ignatius first received the inspiration to found a new order, which was to copy whatever was holiest in the older religious Communities, and yet differ from them in many important particulars. The idea was suggested to him during the Meditation on the "Two Standards." He had been a soldier, he had fought under the standard of his sovereign for the fading laurels of time; he was to be a soldier still, and wear the crown of immortality. The whole plan of "The Company of Jesus," so martial in its conception, was at once unfolded before his imagination. Hereafter this was the dream of his life, the grand aim of his ambitious soul.

The Exercises are, therefore, the natural element of the Jesuit. He finds in them the nourishment that will repair his failing strength and quicken him into new and vigorous life. If he has imbibed the spirit of our holy Founder, he cannot but feel a spiritual attraction for them, and have recourse to them at his earliest convenience.

Besides, the Exercises have been sealed with the special sanction of the Church. During the lifetime of Ignatius,

in the year 1548, on the 31st of July—now sacred to the memory of the Saint—Paul III wrote these memorable words, which should remain forever engraven on our hearts: "Exercitia praedicta, ac *omnia* et *singula* in eis contenta, ex certa scientia nostra approbamus, collaudamus et praesentis scripti patrocinis communimus." The Popes, it is true, have often commended other writings, as good and profitable to souls. But where is the book, composed by uninspired man, all of whose contents they have sanctioned and approved in such a manner? It is quite natural then, that in the Jesuit's mind the book of the Exercises should rank next to the Bible, and that, if left to himself, he should enrich himself with its treasures at the very beginning of the year.

This season following upon the Christmas solemnities, generally leaves the missionary more at leisure to attend to study of his own perfection, and apply to himself the saving truths which he must teach to others during the rest of the year. If he seizes the opportunity, he will always be sure of not dying without having made his annual Retreat, and this thought alone is no slight consolation.

But I find that I have insensibly strayed away from the Missions on the Pacific Coast to a somewhat different theme. However, as these letters are meant to encourage a kindly exchange of feeling among brethren, and as those of our Fathers devoted to the missions may not find it uninteresting to know how one similarly engaged divides his year, my other readers will kindly overlook this and other short digressions.

The first mission after my retreat took place in our Church at San José. It is hardly necessary to allude to the usual manifestations of divine grace during the course of the Exercises: they attend every mission more or less. I shall only mention a remark dropped by a Frenchman, who accidentally came across my path in that part of the

globe. He was one of those unhappy individuals who seem to have been born to no purpose, and who are disgusted with themselves and all the sons of Adam—an infidel and a misanthrope in the strictest sense of the word. He candidly acknowledged that he could not believe in the divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore his remark struck me all the more because it was unexpected from such a quarter. As I was speaking, he suddenly interrupted me: "would you be so kind, and tell me what catholics mean when they proclaim the Pope infallible?" I informed him, that the Infallibility of the Pope does not mean a personal exemption from error, making a man incapable of a mistake, as far as he is a man; but the official Infallibility of the Vicar of Christ, when he addresses the whole Church upon matters of faith and morals. He appeared quite satisfied with this explanation and exclaimed: "Seulement dans ce sens? Mais sans doute en matière de foi le Pape *doit* être infaillible; cela va sans dire"—Only in that sense? Why, to be sure, in matters of faith the Pope *must* be infallible; that's understood.— He had denied the divinity of Christ a little before, and now he admitted as self-evident, that His Vicar must be infallible in matters of faith. This was a striking proof, that every logical mind starting from the principle of Infallibility in the church, must of necessity come to the conclusion that its head can not err in matters of faith.

After the mission at San José I went to Los Angeles, to give another there in the Cathedral. The day on which I started, San Francisco was visited by an earthquake. Shocks of this kind are very frequent in California; they occurred at four different times during my stay there. A tradition, current among the people, says that at some future day San Francisco will disappear in one of these convulsions of the earth. It is based upon an incident in the life of a Venerable Father of the Order of St. Francis, who lived in the monastery of Santa Clara. While praying in

the church before a crucifix, still honored with great devotion, he was rapt into an extasy and raised into the air. Just as he awoke from his ravishment, some one entered the church. The servant of God asked him if he had seen anything extraordinary. The man replied in the affirmative. "Well then," said he, "I will tell you what God has just revealed to me: San Francisco will one day disappear in an earthquake." From that time till the present, the saying of the holy man has been repeated and is believed by many. The city is built in part upon alluvial soil, and it would not take a very violent shock to verify the prophecy. May God avert so great a punishment and desolation!

South of San Francisco, in the direction of Los Angeles, the scenery along the coast is by turns grand and picturesque, charming and sublime. I enjoyed it to the full and arrived at Los Angeles in the beginning of February. What a delightful climate! It is already Summer—oranges are blooming and bearing fruit at the same time, and nature, still buried in the snows of winter in other regions, is here decked in all its charms. I often wonder, how a rich and independent man who looks for the comforts of life, can ever make up his mind to return to the Eastern or Middle States after spending a winter in California.

I remained in this terrestrial paradise until March. The beauty of the scenery was always increasing; and yet, at that very time, the Newspapers contained such startling announcements as these: "Minnesota! violent snow storms! people frozen to death!" Nevertheless the tide of emigration is flowing chiefly towards Minnesota, Wisconsin and Iowa. The only reason is, that others went there first! Men wish to join their kinsfolk and to settle among those who have a family feeling with them. They buy themselves a farm, and when they begin to regret the step, they find that it is not so easy to dispose of it. And so they find themselves obliged to dwell, for several long winter months, amid perpetual snows and frosts.

The life at Los Angeles is stamped with a decidedly Spanish, or rather Mexican character. The people have a wonderful attachment to the Catholic religion. Their faith is as strong as that of the Irish, but their morals are anything but conformable to their belief. Some of them, it is true, lead the lives of veritable saints; I saw a pious widow in the Cathedral of Los Angeles, who, like the prophetess Anne, almost never left the precincts of the church. But the great majority are as weak in practice as they are strong in theory. Man and wife often live together unmarried or without the requisite dispensation in case of a matrimonial impediment. Here too, as elswhere, the Mexican character shows a singular combination of Indian ferocity and Spanish *grandeza*. The inhabitants are extremely improvident, they live like Adam and Eve, from day to day and let divine Providence take care of the uncertain future. However, they might rise superior to all these weaknesses and make as good a Catholic nation as any in the world, if Freemasonry had not obtained such a footing among them and perverted many of the most influential men. The worst of it is, that often they see no harm in belonging to the sect. They are beguiled by the fact that Freemasons help one another like brethren and insist on external propriety and decorum. I met with a member of the lodge at Annaheim, a settlement south of Los Angeles, in the direction of San Diego. He was a very good-hearted man, who with rare generosity, had made the Catholics there a present of all the pews necessary to fill their church. I said to him: "As you are so kind to the Catholics, why do you not join the Church and become a Catholic yourself?"—"I would have done it long ago," replied he, "but your church will not receive me." I answered at once: "I know the reason—You are a Freemason."—"I am, Father, and that is precisely the reason, why you should receive me; for Freemasons and the Catholic church have the same end in view; and therefore I feel so

much inclined to become a Catholic. Does not the Catholic church wish all men to help one another, love one another, and do right? This is likewise the aim of Freemasonry. Father, you refuse to receive me into your church, because I am a Freemason; and you yourself are one." I smiled and said: "How can you suppose, that I, a Priest, am a Freemason? Are you not aware that Pius IX. like so many of his predecessors, has again and again pronounced the sentence of excommunication against the members of all secret Societies and especially against the Freemasons: How, then, could I have joined them?"—"O!" said he, "Pius IX. himself is a Freemason, and the greatest of them all; for I really believe, that there is not on earth a man, who more sincerely wishes to see all persons honest and happy." These words showed me, how great was the blindness of the poor fellow, and how useless it would have been to make an effort to enlighten his mind. I thought it best to leave him in the hands of Providence, until he would be better disposed to open his eyes to the rays of truth.

The little village of Annaheim, where I fell in with him, embraces an area of about six miles in circumference. It is surrounded by a hedge of thorny shrubs and is entered by something like a gate. The houses are built at some distance from each other and surrounded by vineyards and orchards. There is a reservoir of water supplied from a stream above the village; and in case of drought, so common in those parts, the water is conducted by means of canals through the town to places where irrigation is needed. Every Saturday such persons as are in want of water meet at the office of the reservoir and leave their orders. The place was originally laid out for Germans, but it is now open to all nationalities. Mexicans in particular have found their way thither. Still the great majority are Germans, most of them Protestants, and the Catholics are generally intermarried with them.

An amusing incident occurred at this settlement during the course of the mission. A Catholic woman came to confession and told me that her husband, who was a Protestant, was willing to have his children brought up Catholics and baptized, but that he wished the ceremony to be performed at his own house. I went there. Seeing quite a number of children, some smaller and others larger, I inquired whether none of them had ever been baptized. The husband answered: "Yes, Father, this boy here, I baptized myself." I asked him whether he had done everything rightly and followed the prescribed formula. "O to be sure I did! and in order to make the baptism all the stronger and more efficacious, instead of using water, I took the best wine that I had in my cellar. Was not this baptism stronger than one given only with water?"

Starting from Annaheim for the North, I first gave a Retreat to the boarders in the academy of the Sisters of Notre Dame at San José. A large number of the pupils in this Institution were Protestants. But they all joined in the retreat with the Catholics, and during it some of them were received into the church. And now May was fast approaching. It was time to return to Oregon, where I had not been able to finish the preceding year. After another Mission, therefore, in the Cathedral at Marysville, I set out and once more passed the dreaded Columbia Bar.

The first mission in Oregon this season was given to the soldiers of the garrison at Fort Stephens, situated at the very entrance of the Bay, before Astoria. I was glad to begin my missionary campaign with a military expedition. For, somehow, soldiers are a class of men for whom the priest feels a sort of natural attraction, and whom he is inclined to aid as much as he can in their spiritual wants. Soldiers, on the other hand, are wont to reciprocate his feelings. So far from insulting the minister of Christ, they generally manifest a special regard for his person. The secret cause for this sympathy may perhaps be found in

the singular resemblance of their vocations. Both the soldier and the priest are called to fight—the one on the battlefield of his country, the other on that of the Church militant. In the Society, in particular, whose Founder was at one time a soldier and wished his followers to be a company of volunteers ready to fly, at the first signal, to any part of the world where danger is more imminent, this sort of fellowship is all the more natural. Indeed St. Ignatius would seem to encourage it. For, while he forbids us to receive as candidates those who have already belonged to some other religious association, he makes an exception in favor of the Military Orders.

The Commander of Fort Stephens, though not a Catholic himself, was married to a Spanish Catholic. He gave me full liberty to do what I wished, and even permitted those who were in prison to attend the Retreat and approach the Sacraments. In a word, I found him kind and obliging throughout, and after concluding the exercises, I started with pleasant recollections for Oregon City. A mission was greatly needed there just then, on account of the scandal given by an Apostate Catholic priest, formerly a Benedictine monk. He had not only renounced his religious profession, but openly lived there with a woman whom he had married before the secular judge. Thanks be to God, the mission healed many wounds.

From Oregon City I went to a congregation in the country. The good people there had built a stone church on the top of a lonely hill.—Not a house was to be seen for miles around, and the priest only visited the place at intervals. During night I lodged at a house about three miles distant; during the day I was obliged to remain in Church the whole time without taking any nourishment till evening. The work was wearisome and fatiguing; but many extraordinary conversions refreshed the spirit and sweetened the labor. The ways of divine Providence were especially remarkable in leading one erring sheep into the

fold. Apparently, it was doomed to stray still farther into the by paths of error. But the Shepherd had watched its wanderings and followed it, even into the remotest wilds. The triumph of the Sacred Heart was so unmistakable that I must relate it briefly. After leaving the steamer in which we had embarked at Oregon City, I had to make the balance of my journey in a wagon. On I passed through the newly settled country by many a weary turn, until I reached a tavern. Just then an unknown man stepped out of the house, with a bundle of clothes in his hand. He approached and asked the driver, if he might ride with us. I took him for a half-drunken vagabond, and felt no little disrelish for such a companion. Nevertheless I consented to his taking a seat by me on the already overloaded wagon. He soon made himself known as a New Englander. Notwithstanding his neglected and uninviting appearance, he proved to be a well educated man—an engineer by profession. Up to that day he had never come so close to a priest and never yet spoken to one. As might have been expected, under such circumstances, he plied me very soon with a host of questions about religious matters and was surprised at the answers he received. When we drew near to the place where I was to stay over night, I invited him to avail himself of the mission, which would open on the following day, to get more information upon the subjects that we had been discussing. I promised, at the same time to give him a book which would instruct him thoroughly concerning the claims of the Church, by comparing Catholicity with Protestantism and Infidelity. And so we parted.

I was quite surprised next day, when I perceived that he was really present in the church and listened with intense interest. After a day or two I was told that this newly arrived stranger had publicly expressed his amazement at the effect produced on him by the mission sermons. "Do you know what?" said he. "That priest actually made me cry to-day at church. I never shed such tears in my life

before." When the mission was drawing to a close, I asked him how he felt. He confessed that the scales had fallen from his eyes, and that he would consider himself under the greatest obligation to me, if I received him into the Church. I complied with his request. His looks, indeed, were against him, and most priests would probably have distrusted him. But, then, it is far easier to render an account to our Lord for having been rather indulgent towards sinners, especially towards those who are not yet members of the fold, than for having been too austere and exacting. This case itself furnished me with an additional proof and became to me a source of unspeakable consolation. Not long after, a well-dressed gentleman called on me in Portland. It was the same person. He had come to pay me a visit and to thank me for what I had done for his salvation. He wished to go again to confession; and in a short time he became, I may say, a leading member of the congregation. Being an able man he had soon found a good employment, and hence this change in his appearance. He was desirous to be more and more instructed in our holy religion, and he even sent books to his family in Massachusetts, to enlighten them and, if possible, to make them partakers in his happiness. How very different the result would probably have been, had I dismissed him with the advice to receive further instruction, as best he might! Most probably he would have remained and died a protestant. Worse still, had I refused him a seat on the wagon, as I certainly felt disposed to do at first sight. For everything about him was calculated to create an unfavorable impression. The very atmosphere that surrounded him, was impregnated with an ominous smell of strong drink. Yet all these signs proved deceptive. Under that repulsive exterior was hidden an accomplished gentleman, and what is more, a chosen friend of God.

I have dwelt upon this subject, to answer an objection, often heard from zealous persons, whose good sense is

rarely at fault upon other matters, but whose experience in this particular is necessarily limited. They complain that missionaries often receive neophytes into the church without sufficient preparation, and that as a consequence, their conversions are not lasting. Let me assure them, in order to allay their fears, that it is far more advisable to finish the work of conversion during the mission, than to defer it and to subject the mind that is well disposed to a protracted preparation at other hands. Of course, when the resident pastor himself has the candidate under instruction, it is very desirable to give him a more thorough preparation than the missionary could be expected to do. The reason is plain. The mission is a time of grace, and it is at least doubtful whether the soul invited by the interior call of grace, would be likely to hearken to it, when the echoes of the missionary's voice have died away. Even converts received at other times should not be put off to long without at least receiving Baptism, and conditional absolution, in case the Baptism itself has been administered under condition.

I take for granted, meanwhile, that the neophyte is fully aware of the meaning of the step he is about to take, and that he knows explicitly and distinctly the principal articles of our faith. He must be instructed in the mystery of the Unity and Trinity of God and of His relations to us as Creator and Ruler of the Universe. He must be taught the doctrine of the fall of man in Paradise, and of his redemption by the Son of God made flesh. He must see the necessity of belonging to the Catholic Church, the only true and saving Church founded by Christ Himself. He must be told of the seven Sacraments and their effects. Finally, he must understand the value and efficacy of prayer, the most ordinary means of obtaining the graces of God.

It is useless for the missionary to insist on the convert's memorizing a great number of definitions from the Catechism. His chief aim should be to make them, from the very beginning, really practical Catholics. If they are thor-

oughly catholic at heart and understand the essential articles well, they will be anxious of themselves to become instructed in their Christian duties and will readily embrace every opportunity that offers itself. To secure this end all the better, it would be advisable for the convert to have a zealous, practical Catholic, as a witness who will go with him to the Parish priest for further instruction and by his example lead him to the frequentation of the Sacraments, the daily practice of prayer and the regular attendance at Mass on Sundays and Holidays of obligation.

Such a friend and witness is much more useful for the new convert, than any purely doctrinal instruction, which after all can be gradually acquired from books. Hence the rule and custom, observed in the church from the very beginning, of having Sponsors at Baptism. This office which might seem to be a mere formality at present, was in olden times considered to imply a most serious engagement. Indeed it might still be productive of the happiest results if performed in the proper spirit. For the influence of a layman is often more direct and constant than any that the pastor could exert. The latter is often busied with the care of so large a flock that he finds it difficult to extend his special solicitude to all those who might seem to need it. It is good, however, to recommend the converts to him. He need not, and in fact should not, molest them with many dogmatical explanations, but he should often give them practical exhortations on the manner of living like real Catholics, and especially on the regular practice of prayer, the hearing of Mass and the use of the Sacraments. The all-important point is Confession, which is apt to have its own peculiar difficulties for grown persons who are as yet unaccustomed to lay open all the secret folds of their conscience. They should be repeatedly told by the priest how to conduct themselves in the confessional, according as they have committed new sins or not. They should be shown, in their prayerbooks those prayers which are usually enjoined

for a penance. In this manner, they will gradually become familiar with confession, and find it a source of peace and consolation.

Generally speaking, when converts are deemed sufficiently instructed to make a good confession, they should likewise be admitted to the Holy Table. To delay the reception of the Blessed Eucharist, under these circumstances, is a bad practice. Very likely it will lead them to neglect the use of this life-giving Sacrament for many years, under the pretext of unworthiness. Simply to baptize them, with the advice to apply for further instruction to the Parish priest, is at best a very uncertain method and exposes their souls to a great risk. For, the devil, who is afraid of losing his prey, will certainly do his best to destroy the work of God.

I have been, perhaps, rather diffuse on this subject. But, as it is one of no little difficulty to missionaries, these hints thrown out by one who has drawn them from the personal experience of years, will it is hoped be of some service and be received in the same spirit by the reader in which they were penned down by the writer. In this hope I continue the history of the mission, which gave occasion to them.

At the close of this mission I had a remarkable interview, perhaps I should say, controversy, with a Protestant Minister. He came to the church on the last day, which was the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, just as I was erecting the mission Cross. He approached and asked me, if I would not allow him to address the people that day, which meant of course to preach to them. I replied: "Sir, before I can give you the desired permission, I must first know who sent you hither to preach. You know very well, if you have read the Acts of the Apostles, as I presume you have, that, when assembled in Council at Jerusalem, they warned the faithful not to listen to those not sent by them. They told their disciples that such preachers, not having been commissioned by the legitimate ecclesiastical authority, were intruders, and that therefore their sermons were only

the word of man and not that of God. Now, I am here sent by Pius IX., the successor of St. Peter, who presided over that Council at Jerusalem and whose feast we celebrate to-day. Pius IX. is at this very time presiding, in the same manner, over a General Council composed of the lawful successors of the Apostles. Among these is the Archbishop of Oregon, who desired me to come and preach to the portion of Christ's flock entrusted to him by the chief Bishop, Pius IX., the Pope of Rome. It is in obedience to his call that I am here. I wish, therefore, to know who sent you." "Father," said he, "would you explain to me the meaning of the word *Christian?* I think, I heard that it is a Greek word." I answered: "so it is, sir. As a preacher, you should have learned Greek, at least so far as to know that it means an *anointed.*" "Precisely so, and therefore I wish to preach, because I feel myself anointed by the Holy Spirit, in whose unction I wish to address your congregation." "Sir," replied I, "it is not my part to investigate what spirit it is, whose unction you feel. But this much is quite sure, that, if you cannot prove yourself sent by those whom the Holy Spirit has appointed to govern the church, it is not His unction you feel. And, therefore, I cannot consent to your preaching in the temple wherein He dwelleth. However, if you are desirous to serve God in truth, I can present you with a book addressed to all candid Americans, who wish to find out the way of salvation. For the present, I invite you into the church to hear the true word of God. I will give you a seat in the very first pew." He accepted the invitation and entered.

I spoke on the indestructibility of the Catholic Church, as a mark of her divine origin. At the conclusion of the sermon, the renewal of the Baptismal Vows took place. Seeing himself surrounded by so many uplifted hands and hearing the strong, jubilant voices of the multitudes when they swore to live and die as Catholics, and if need be, to shed the last drop of their blood for the faith, the poor

preacher was quite bewildered. He seemed to be a really good-hearted but deluded man, like so many others even among the Protestant ministers.

He remained to see the cross erected and blessed on that rocky hill, by the side of the church, and païd the greatest attention to everything that I said and did. Meanwhile the Papal Benediction was given and the *Te Deum* reëchoed for miles through the surrounding valleys. After this I entered the church again, where I found my friend, the preacher, all bathed in tears. Pressing my hands, he said only these few but expressive words: "Father! pray for me." I once more recommended to him to study the book I had given him, and to examine into the truth of the Catholic faith. I trust that God will have mercy on his soul, that the seeds of final conversion have been sown in his heart and that, having joined the true Church, built by Christ upon a rock, he himself will *pray*.

With many regards, Yours in Dno.

F. X. WENINGER.

OSAGE MISSION.

OSAGE MISSION, NEOSHO COUNTY, KANSAS,
DECEMBER 31st, 1873.

REV. FATHER:

In compliance with your kind request I send you a few items about our Western Missions, not to boast that we are performing wonders, but merely to show that we keep up the great work begun by our forefathers, Van Quickenborne and Timmermans. I call these our *forefathers* because the

glorious work which they began in 1823, when, leaving the Novitiate at Whitemarsh, in Maryland, they took, as we say here, the "Western trail," has not yet been given up, but with the help of God it is carried on by us with daily increase and success.

Father Charles Van Quickenborne was the real founder of this Mission, though he did not commence the Institution now existing here. He was the first priest that ever entered the beautiful Neosho Valley, which was at that time the grazing ground of bears and buffaloes, and the hunting resort of aboriginal tribes. We find in the records of the Mission that he was here as early as the year 1827, visiting the Osages, several of whom he had educated and baptized when they were living near Florissant, in Missouri. The Osages gave him an enthusiastic reception and wished him to remain with them; but not being able to do so, the Father passed only a few days with them, consecrated this soil to God, by the offering of the Sacrifice of the Mass; then returned to St. Stanislaus, in the vicinity of Florissant.

If, while the venerable Father, tired and broken down by long travel, was riding on through this immense desert, as it then was, one of his companions had told him that in less than fifty years it would be teeming with thousands of industrious settlers, towns, cities, schools and universities; that over a hundred churches would be open to large and fervent congregations, and that the valley of the Neosho, then unknown to the world, would become the richest emporium of a flourishing State; I am sure that the venerable Father would have laughed with all his heart, and nodding his head would likely have replied: "I see, dear friend, that you are born to be a poet, for the power of your imagination is great indeed." Time has proved that such words would by no means have been an exaggeration. But enough for the past, let us come to the present.

Our Catholic settlements having considerably increased during the past year, the different chapels built here and

there for the accommodation of the same, begin to be too small, and we shall have to raise funds to enlarge them. In fact, we have done so already for that of St. Anne's, on Walnut creek; and we have moved it the distance of three miles, to render it more convenient to the catholic families living around a new town, ten miles Northeast of this Mission. Arkansas City also has increased her catholic contingent. This place, which is situated at the confluence of the Great Walnut and the Arkansas rivers, is a nicely built town, on a high sandy hill, very near the Southern line of the State, and one hundred miles from our city. The Indian trade keeps it lively. The catholic population around, is a cosmopolitan one; for, of the thirty families, or thereabouts, that compose it, some are Irish, others French, others German, Italian and Swiss.

Having heard that new catholic settlements were forming far west of the Arkansas, in Somer's County, I concluded that I should visit them. I was approaching Wellington, the County seat, thinking that here I was a stranger, but I was mistaken; for hardly had I got into town when some of my old acquaintances came to meet me and requested me to spend the night with them, that on the next morning they might have the happiness of hearing Mass. Their request was so just that I was bound to comply with it, and the following day, August 12th, I said the first Mass that ever was celebrated in the town of Wellington; baptized two children, and began in that place a new Missionary station.

I cannot go farther without noticing an incident which took place in Eldorado. It was not only remarkable, but it also caused a great deal of talk among the Protestants. A lady whose husband professed to have no religion of any kind, a few days after having come to this town, fell very sick, so that she became quite helpless. The doctors gave her up, and the poor woman was very much distressed at not having either a priest or a catholic friend to assist her

at her last hour. Fortunately for her, there happened to be another catholic lady living not far off, who, hearing of her critical condition, took about a cupful of holy water, and coming to her, first knelt at her bed side and recited several prayers, then rising, she told the sick woman to drink all the water she had brought, and to trust in the Mother of God. She did as she was told, and the result was, that she began to feel better, and the next day was up and quite well, and no longer in need of doctors.

From this County I passed to that of Howard, to visit the catholic families scattered along the banks of its beautiful streams. Here I was informed that not far from Longton there were some children to be baptized. I hastened to the place and found the families. They were Germans; and as I do not understand German, I found myself in an awkward position. I came in, but they did not notice my coming. They seemed strange to me; hence, coming forward, I announce myself as the Pastor, and I told them that I had come to baptize their children. They stood still for a while, till at last a woman asked me whether I was the *Katolik* Pastor. I replied in the affirmative, but she was not satisfied. Her husband then came in, and again I introduced myself as the Pastor. The man looked at me very attentively for a while, and then with great emphasis asked me whether I was the *Katolik Pastor.* I answered that I was; and not knowing any longer what to say about it, I took out my beads. This settled the whole matter; for no sooner did they see the beads than their countenances beamed with joy, and the woman who would not believe me, came forward to look at the beads, saying; "me too, have one like that." There was no need of delaying any longer. My credentials were good; so the children were brought in, and I baptized them.

But after the children were baptized, there was something else to be settled. Another woman now brought out a long roll of paper, saying that she had a nice picture to show

me; and she began to unroll it, looking at me with a kind of distrust. It was a Protestant representation of the Immaculate Conception. The artist had surrounded the image with a multitude of little angels (without wings), had placed the crescent in a very crooked way under the feet of the Virgin, and, either purposely or through neglect, I cannot tell which, had forgotten to put the serpent under her feet. These apparently small omissions had struck the eyes of these devout people, and they could not persuade themselves that such a picture represented the Mother of God. I had to explain to them very particularly, the meaning of the little angels, of the crescent, etc.; and I was successful I think in making them look upon it as a holy image; at their request I blessed it. "Now," said the woman. "I am well pleased with it—I will hang this picture on the wall, and we will say our daily prayers before it."

From this settlement I passed to Fridonia in Wilson Co., to have mass at a small chapel which was built some years since, in honor of St. Francis Regis. Here, my coming brought peace and settled a difficulty which was going to become serious. A man of a very troublesome character, or, in other words, a desperado, got into a passion of anger with one of his catholic neighbors, and shot one of his cows. No occasion having been given for such an offence, the catholic swore vengeance against the fellow. He soon found a companion ready to help him, and both having indulged in liquor rather freely, declared to me that before night they would put a bullet in the man who had shot the cow. Fortunately, when I met them the liquor had not yet gotten the better of them; and by reasoning upon the subject, and appealing to religious principles, I succeeded in persuading them to put the whole matter aside; and thanks be to God, the trouble was over.

On the 5th of October I was proposing to leave for a missionary excursion in the Southwest but some unexpected occurrence compelled me to delay my departure. This

appeared to be accidental, but in truth it was providential; for towards evening a telegraphic despatch came to inform me, that an old friend of mine was at the point of death in Burlington (some eighty miles North of this Mission), and that he wanted me to come up to assist him. I left that very night, and the next morning I was by his bed side. This man was about sixty-three years old, and had passed nearly all his life trading with the Indians; and though generally, he had not much opportunity of practising his religious duties, yet he was a just and honest man, very charitable to the poor, and to me he had been not only a friend, but also a benefactor. These good qualities, I have no doubt, procured him the grace of dying the death of a christian. May his soul rest in peace.

About the end of November, having come to the settlement of an old Iroquois Indian, who some years since came to live in these western countries, I sent word to his children and relatives close by, to come to Mass on the next morning, and take this opportunity for approaching the holy Sacraments. Almost all of them followed my advice, and I could not but be edified at their piety and devotion. These Indians are the remnants of a once powerful nation; they now live like white people, and have done away with nearly all their Indian customs. I say nearly all—for the good old patriarch still keeps one, though he has greatly improved on it.

Any one travelling among wild Indians, and passing a night in their camp, cannot but feel surprised, if not terrified, when quite early in the morning, at the first appearance of the morning star, they break out into a loud and solemn song. The Chief himself gives the tune, and he is soon followed by all his men together—a tremendous chorus. This song lasts about five minutes. Once the men have done, the women repeat the same; and their cries and screams are most heart-rending. In a few minutes, all has subsided, and they remain silent till daylight.

Now, I have stopped several times at the house of this good old man, and every morning, long before the dawn of day, I heard him singing the *Laudate Dominum omnes gentes*, and just as nicely as you would hear it in a well established congregation. Having got through the short psalm, he lies down again to sleep till daybreak. Our ancient missionaries seem to have possessed a special gift for turning to advantage, even the most insignificant Indian customs. The Indians think much of this practice, which they call their morning prayer; but in reality, it is nothing else than an imprecation against their enemies, and with their cries they pray the Great Spirit to exterminate them to the last. Our missionaries turned their imprecations into the praises of Him from whom all good things proceed.

I just came home in time to celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception, which was as usual, well attended, though this year, the weather was very unfavorable. On the following Sunday, we consecrated to the Heart of Jesus this congregation and all our Missionary stations. To prepare the people for this great act we, for the first time, had in our Church the devotion of the Forty Hours. The members of our Religious Community, the Sisters of Loretto, the boys of our Institution, as well as the girls attending the Convent schools, the members of the mens', as well as of the ladies' Sodality; all by turns during the three days, passed half an hour in adoration before the Bl. Sacrament. The effect of this was grand and very edifying, especially in the eyes of our Protestant neighbors, who were wondering at seeing so many people coming to church the whole day long. On the evening of the third day the solemn act of Consecration was offered to the Heart of Jesus, and we hope that this will bring down upon us the many blessings of which we stand in need.

Yours in Christ.

PAUL MARY PONZIGLIONE, S. J.

LETTER FROM A SCHOLASTIC IN TEXAS.

San Antonio, Texas,
Jan. 28th, 1874.

Rev. and Dear Father,

P. C.

I very willingly comply with your request to give some account of the foundation of this new mission of the Society by the dispersed Province of Mexico.

The banishment, during the past year, of the foreign Jesuits residing in the City of Mexico has long since been recounted by the newspapers, not always, perhaps, with scriptural exactness. The members of the Society were already partially dispersed, since the Reform laws have for several years denied even the right of existence to religious communities; but real good was done by teaching in the Seminary, by the ministry of the confessional, and by preaching. The President persecutor, by the way, is the nephew of the well-remembered Fr. Lerdo of the Society, former Assistant of Spain; and among those chosen for exile, is an aged brother, companion of the uncle for many years in Rome and Mexico.

The border-land of Texas with its numerous Mexican population along the frontier, and its scarcity of priests, naturally offered itself as a place of shelter and as a new field of labor as well. Accordingly, Rev. Fr. Artola, Visitor of the Province, came hither in September of last year to prepare the way for others, to follow after. The 21st of November, feast of the Presentation of Our Lady, arrived the first band of exiles, ten in number. A house in the outskirts of the city had been rented for them, and the regular life of community at once began. Since then two

other bands have come after, in December and January respectively ; and we now form a community of twenty-two, very fair for Texas. There are nine priests, seven scholastics, three novices and three brothers ; and our not over large house has fairly emulated that marvel of Providence, the catalpa-bean, where the greatest possible quantity is stowed into the least possible space. There is also a Chapel of the Sacred Heart, abiding place of Our Lord and King.

His Lordship, the Bishop of Galveston, returned from Europe and came hither in the beginning of December, to welcome to his immense diocese, larger than all France, the new laborers ; and on the feast of St. Francis Xavier made over to the Society in perpetuity the old mission Church and lands of San José. Some day I will write you more at length on these remains of the early missionary labors of the Franciscans ; at present enough to say that a Father with all the energy of a Catalan, is devoting himself to the parish work, all undone since the departure of the friars.

Another mission has been opened on the 'ranch' of an Irish Catholic, some twenty-five miles from the city on the Rio San Geronimo (for here everything except the wild frontiersman, is hallowed by a patron saint). May God bring good out of the evil, so rampant in these days of darkness, and bless, even in far away Texas, these endeavors to give Him glory.

Another item of news, rather foreign to my purpose, but which I am sure will interest, is the approaching publication of the letters of our Father St. Ignatius in Madrid. A letter from Europe to Rev. Father Visitor announces that two hundred pages are already through the press. It will form a work of five or six volumes.

I recommend myself to your holy Sacrifices and prayers.

In Xto. Servus,

Ralph E. S. Dewey, S. J.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE MISSION OF NEW YORK AND CANADA.

[*Continued.*]

For some months after the arrival of the Fathers at Fordham, they confined their works of zeal mostly to the neighborhood of St. John's; but in the year of the Jubilee, 1847, several of them were, after the hours of literary and scholastic labor, called to New York, for the exercise of the various duties of the ministry. This Jubilee, besides producing innumerable salutary effects in the souls of the faithful, had the advantage of teaching Catholics their own strength and numbers. The Fathers, themselves, seeing the great good that might be done by their continual presence in the midst of so flourishing a Catholic population, were anxious to have a permanent residence and College within the city limits, and accordingly laid their plan before the Archbishop. His Grace approved of it most heartily, a similar project having been already maturing in his own mind, and offered at once the Church of St. Andrew, in Duane Street. This edifice, however, was loaded with a heavy debt, and owing to its situation in a very unfavorable part of the city, was not such as the Fathers desired.

Meanwhile Fr. Larkin had been appointed Superior of the residence in contemplation, and, in the summer of the same year, left St. John's in the true apostolic spirit, without gold or silver in his purse. As he said himself, in a sermon preached some years later, he started from Fordham with fifty cents in his pocket to purchase a church and a house in the city. Twenty-five cents he paid for his fare

in the cars, twenty cents more for the carriage of his trunk from the station to the residence of a friend, and had thus five cents left to found his new house and church. But confidence in God stood him instead of riches; and Divine Providence did not disappoint him.

While awaiting the moment when Divine Providence would manifest its will more in detail regarding the new undertaking, Fr. Larkin accepted the kindly proffered hospitality of Fr. Lafont, Pastor of the French Church; where, together with Fr. Petit, who had been given him as Socius, he remained occupied in earnest prayer for the success of his plans. They had not to wait long. It happened just at this time, that the congregation of the Protestant church, situated in Walker St., near Elizabeth, split into two violent factions: the occasion being the advent of a young curate, with whose new views, exposed with captivating eloquence, the younger members immediately sided, in opposition to the more sedate portion of the congregation, who still stood by the old vicar. A stormy session followed, and at its conclusion the young party was invited to find a meeting house somewhere else—which they accordingly did. But the old party had not calculated the strength of the schismatics, who proved so numerous, that on their withdrawal, it became a matter of necessity to sell the church in order to meet the interest. Fr. Larkin heard of the affair, and at once sought to turn the wranglings of these sects within a sect to the furtherance of God's Church. The trustees were willing to strike the bargain for $18,000, provided $5,000 were paid at once, and the rest by regular instalments. Fr. Larkin asked time to decide. But how was he to find $5,000? How indeed, but by fervent recourse to heaven? "Now" said he to Fr. Petit, with all the earnestness of his soul, "now is the time for prayer; we must both offer the Holy Sacrifice to-morrow for this intention." Fr. Petit had just finished Mass the next day, when he was called to the parlor by a gentleman with several members

of his family. The stranger informed the Father that, with his family, he had just arrived from France and had assisted at his Reverence's Mass in thanksgiving for their safe journey. "I have come," continued the visitor, "to find work in this country, and have with me about 20,000 francs which I would like to place in safe keeping. Hearing that the banks are not always secure I have come to ask you if you can tell me where I can best dispose of my money." This indeed was a God-send! Fr. Petit replied that if he would call again in the evening, he thought he could offer him the required security. Fr. Larkin, hearing of this was deeply affected at so striking an interposition of Divine Providence; he received with gratitude the $5,000 and gave in return a mortgage on the property. But the pious Frenchman's act of devotion was not only beneficial to the Fathers; that Mass of thanksgiving was to prove the occasion of all his own future success. He was, in fact, an artist in fresco painting. He came, he said to Fr. Larkin, to seek his fortune by means of his art, as yet little known in this country. "Sir," replied the Father, "your fortune is made; and I myself will give you to start with, $5,000 for the decoration of the church."

Fr. Larkin's predictions were verified; for, as many people, both Protestants and Catholics, visited the place while the Frenchman and his son-in-law were at work, the artists soon became well known, and were engaged to fresco many banks and public buildings. At the touch of the devout painter the four bare walls of the cold Protestant meeting house began rapidly to assume the living catholic glow; and even before all was completed, the church was by a solemn benediction, dedicated to the Holy Name of Jesus. Fr. Larkin having thus his church already built, next rented a house in Elizabeth St., the garden of which adjoined the square in front of the church door. Here, in view of starting his college, he collected his community of four fathers, three scholastics, and one brother.

As we may imagine from the condition of the founder's purse, poverty was a constant guest in the new residence. Still, amid many privations, the work of God went on progressing. During the months of August and September the basement of the Church was fitted up for class rooms, and the school of the Holy Name of Jesus opened in October, with 120 students from New York, Brooklyn or Jersey City.

This was not the first educational establishment of the Society in New York: as far back as 1685, Col. Dongan, Catholic Governor of the City, had sent to Europe for some English Jesuits to convert the Iroquois to Christianity, as he was opposed, on national grounds, to using the zealous French missionaries for that purpose. Three Fathers are mentioned in the Roman Catalogue as residing in New York about this time; they are probably those who responded to the Governor's call, viz: Fathers Thomas Harvey, Henry Harrison and Charles Gage. Being unacquainted with the Iroquois dialects, they proceeded no farther than New York; but profited by their stay in the City to open a college. The Catholic element, however, was too weak to support it, as we may judge by the following letter, written to the Governor of Mass. by Leisler, a fanatical merchant who had become the head of the Protestant party for refusing to pay duties to a Catholic collector; and on the fall of James II., had usurped the office of Lieut. Governor of New York. His letter is dated August 13th, 1689, and after expressing true Protestant apprehensions on the score of "some six or seven french families all or most rank french papists that have their relationes at Canada & I suppose settled there (*at a place called Schorachtage*) for some bad designe," adds: "I have formerly urged to inform your Honr that Coll: dongan in his time did erect a Jesuite College upon cullour to larne latine to the Judges west———Mr Graham Judge palmer & John Tudor did contribute their sones for some time, but no

boddy imitating them the collidge vanished I recommended your Honr againe to spare us for their majesties use some great gunes and watt pouder your Honr can" . . . etc.* In fact, so fatal to the spread of Catholicity seems to have been the rule of Leisler, that in 1696, Mayor Merritt in compliance with an order from Gov. Fletcher for the names of "all the Roman Catholicks or such as are reputed Papists within the city of New Yorke" returns a list of only ten names.† The "Brief Sketch of the History of the Cath. Church on the Island of New York," mentions only nine names: the error arising most probably from the close resemblance of two out of the ten given in the document itself, viz.: Peter Cavileir and John Caveleir.

Under such circumstances the College of the Society could hardly be expected to prosper. A little more than a century later, in 1809, and, at the request of Archbishop Carroll, Father Anthony Kohlman was sent from Georgetown, to attend, as Vicar General, the diocese of New York, till the expected arrival of its first Bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Luke Concanen.‡ This father was accompanied by Father Benedict Fenwick, a native of Maryland, lately

*E. B. O'Callaghan—Documentary History of N. Y. State, Vol. II., p. 14. We copy the letter exactly as it is found in the original, *punctuation* and all. No doubt Leisler's untiring efforts to bring to naught the "bad designes" of the "rank french papists" so absorbed all his mental energies—which were not extraordinary, admits a friendly biographer—as to preclude the possibility of attention to any minor subject, that could not affect the "preservation of the Protestant religion." Unfortunately for the poor Lieut. Governor, his zeal for the preservation of his religion seems to have made him neglect the preservation of his own head, which his Protestant friends, rather ungratefully, placed beyond the possibility of any further application to the thwarting of "papist designes," by putting a halter around his neck two years after his assumption of sovereignty. The charges were murder and treason.

†E. B. O'Callaghan—Documents relative to the Colonial History of N. Y. State. London Documents, X., p. 166.

‡Bishop Concanen never reached New York, as he died at Naples on the eve of his intended departure.

ordained, and one of the first subjects to enter the Scholasticate at Georgetown, after the restoration of the Society in the United States. St. Peter's, then the only Catholic Church in the city, was placed under their charge; and although the functions of the parochial ministry must have filled up the days of these zealous missionaries, they did not lose sight of one great object of their coming—the favorite work of the Society itself—the education of youth.

They had brought with them four young Scholastics, Michael White, James Redmond, Adam Marshall and James Wallace; and soon after arriving, purchased some lots fronting those on which F. Kohlman had just laid the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and situated between the Broadway and the Bowery road. Here they opened their school, the nucleus of a future College.* Concerning the school, Father Kohlman thus wrote in the following July: "It now consists of about thirty-five of the most respectable children of the city, Catholic as well as Protestant. Four are boarding at our house, and in all probability we shall have seven or eight boarders next August." This school was transferred to Broadway in September; but in the following year it was removed far out into the country, to a spacious building near what is now known as the intersection of Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street.†

* De Courcy—Cath. Ch. in the U. S., c. xxiii, p. 367.

† Archbishop Bayley—Brief Sketch, etc., c. iii, p. 67—A strange substitution of 15th Street for 50th occurs in Shea's translation of De Courcy's work, c. xxiii, p. 367; attributable, Mr. Shea informs us, to the compositor's transposing 51, the number of the Street named in the original. Since the time when his Grace, Archbishop Bayley, wrote his interesting and valuable little Sketch of the progress of Catholicity on the Island of New York, the old frame house occupied by the New York Literary Institution has experienced the changeableness of human things, as it now no longer stands on its old site, but has been rolled bodily back about 300 feet, so as to front on Madison Avenue instead of Fifth. Some of the details illustrative of the checkered history of this ancient building, as we gathered them a few days ago from the lips of

The rising College assumed the name of the *New York Literary Institution*, and was the means of doing immense good. A biographer of Bishop Fenwick, speaking of its usefulness, remarks: "The New York Literary Institution

its present occupant, the pastor of St. John the Evangelist's Church, are well worth recording.

Our kind informant assured us that it is one of the oldest edifices on the Island, dating back, most probably, 150 or 200 years. The woodwork in the interior was all of solid oak, and had, no doubt, first shaded the spot as wide-spreading trees, before being felled for girders and joists. But solid oak though it was, the long lapse of years had told on it, and the half decayed rafters and beams had to be completely renewed at the time of the transportation. It is not, however, only from its time-worn condition that we may calculate its age—its very build is old-fashioned: the double flight of wooden steps leading to the doorway, and the massive angular projections each side, like huge bay windows, remind us of one of those way-side inns of former days, or hospitable old farm houses, half inn, half homestead, with "whitewashed walls and nicely sanded floor,"

> "Where nut-brown draughts inspired,
> Where gray-beard mirth and smiling toil retired;
> There village statesmen talked with looks profound,
> And news much older than their ale went round."

But the day was not very far distant when the spot it occupied was to be graced by a far nobler pile, destined to cast its Gothic shadows o'er yet unbroken fields, and send its chaste spires to the very skies.

After the change of possessors, already described in the text, and another mentioned a little farther on, the old building was entrusted by Archbishop Hughes to the Lazarists, a year or so previous to the purchase of St. John's, Fordham, to be used as his Seminary. In it was held the diocesan synod in which his Grace, with characteristic foresight and rare breadth of view, laid before his priests his project of building on that very spot a new Cathedral worthy of his metropolitan See. But even his energetic eloquence almost failed to secure approbation for a Cathedral "in the country;" for at that time (1850), there were but three houses between Madison Square (26th Street) and 50th Street. To begin at once to draw the Catholics around the neighborhood, he appropriated part of the house for a parish church, until time allowed him to raise a small temporary chapel in honor of his patron, St. John the Evangelist. Finally, to make room for his Cathedral, the former wayside inn was transferred to its present position, and now stands directly in the rear of the grand edifice that is little by little nearing its completion—noble tribute of a noble soul to the majesty of God.

under his guidance reached an eminence scarcely surpassed by any at the present day. In 1813 it contained seventy-four boarders, and such was its reputation even among Protestants, that Gov. Tompkins, afterwards Vice President of the United States, thought none more eligible for the education of his own children; and ever afterwards professed towards its President the highest esteem.*

The professors were talented men, and Mr. Wallace, who was an excellent mathematician, wrote a full treatise of over five hundred pages on astronomy and the use of the globes: one of the first contributions of the Society in America to the exact sciences.†

But it was impossible through dearth of men to carry on the College without sacrificing other varied and important duties. Accordingly in the Summer of 1813, Our Fathers retired from its direction, and entrusted it to the Trappists, who had recently entered the diocese, and were passing the years of their exile from France on the hospitable shores of America.

The school of the Holy Name of Jesus, opened by Fr. Larkin in the basement of his church, was thus the third attempt at an educational institution of the Society in New York; and this last was in God's providence, destined to a longer life than had been granted to its predecessors. Its beginnings however seemed to augur anything but a protracted existence, as the entire church which, the beautiful decorations were rendering daily less unworthy of the Adorable Victim offered up therein, was to become, in a short time, itself a victim, on an altar of flame; and the blooming frescos were to prove, so to speak, but the garlands twined round it before the sacrifice. The cross of

* Clarke's Lives of Deceased Bishops, Vol. I, p. 378.

† De Courcy, Cath. Church in N. Y. c. xxiii, p. 368. The title page of the book ran thus: A New treatise on the Use of the Globes and Practical Astronomy, by J. Wallace, member of the New York Literary Institution. New York: Smith and Forman, 1812.

fire that had blessed our outset in Kentucky was also to cast its chastening rays on our first undertaking in New York.

It would seem almost as if Fr, Larkin had peered into the uncertain future, when, in one of his grand exhortations to the community, the eve of the Holy Name of Jesus, their patronal feast, he counselled all to prepare for crosses; they were prospering, he said, too rapidly, not to expect at the hands of the Almighty the granting of the famous prayer of our Holy Founder : that the Society might never stray far from Calvary.

Saturday evening, the 28th of January, 1848, just one week after Fr. Larkin's prophetic warning had been given, all the fathers were occupied confessing the throngs of penitents that filled the church. At 7 o'clock they left the confessional to snatch a hasty cup of tea, and as the number of people in the church seemed in no ways diminishing, unanimously agreed to devote the whole night to the sublime work of reconciling man to his creator.

The fathers had been at their posts an hour or so, when they perceived an extraordinary heat throughout the church. At a loss to account for this, they descended to the cellar, and great was their dismay at finding that, owing to some defect in the new furnaces, completed but a few weeks before, the fire had communicated to the joists of the basement flooring, then sped along to the lathing, and rushing up, as through a chimney, between the lathing and the walls, had burst forth from the very steeple before they were aware of the accident in the church below. The alarm was immediately given, and numbers of Catholics rushed to the spot with concealed weapons, suspecting that enemies had attacked and set fire to the church ; though the truth was that the Protestants of the neighborhood vied with the Catholics in endeavoring to save what they could. But it was already too late : barely was there time to remove the Blessed Sacrament, as the ceilings and walls

of the class rooms in the basement were blazing, and above, the steeple was a pillar of fire, where the flames raged in all their fury, far out of reach of the engines. The roof fell in and gave hope of preventing any farther spread of the flames.

Meanwhile, amid the din and confusion that surrounded him, Fr. Larkin maintained perfect self-possession, aiding and encouraging his afflicted community by word and example. When he saw that no more could be done, he assembled them together, as well as circumstances permitted, and gave the sad permission to disperse as numbers of kind families had already earnestly solicited the favor of harboring some of the harborless. But we cannot do better than quote the very words of the kind Father, then a scholastic, to whom we are indebted for these details. Covered with a fireman's coat, which had been forced on him by one of that devoted class, he had sought shelter at a friend's house, there to pass the night. "The next morning I arose," he says in his diary, "and repaired to the scene of the disaster—found the walls still standing, as likewise the steeple ; but all else, as well as the two adjoining houses, a heap of ruins. While contemplating with a heavy heart the ravages the fire had made in so short a time, in the just finished church and school, and reflecting that our little community had been so scattered that I knew not where to find a single member, I heard by my side a most agonizing scream which soon brought me to my senses. Turning round I beheld motionless on the ground, the pious and charitable Mrs. S. . . ., who with her two daughters and her grandson had come as usual to the half past five o'clock Mass. She had learned nothing of the accident until she had reached the very spot, and, unable to bear the shock, had fainted on the ruins of her loved church!—Again I am alone, I walk around towards our house—find the door open and enter. All within is bare and desolate. Not a chair or table in the house! the floors and walls streaming

with water. I descend to the kitchen, aud there find our devoted Brother D . . . ., busy drying up the place and preparing to make a little coffee for the community, which he hoped would assemble in the course of the morning: he had remained in the house all night. I went to the French church to Mass, and then returned to keep house and let the Brother go. After a second tour amid the ruins, I again entered the house, and found all the community assembled, taking their coffee, each having his adventure of the night to relate. Rev. Fr. Boulanger who had been Superior of the Mission since 1846, having seen in the morning's *Herald*, an account of the accident, had come in all haste from Fordham to the City, and was only soothed in his grief by the cheerful resignation he found in the sufferers. The countenance of Fr. Larkin especially appeared as fresh and as cheerful as ever: the storm, if storm there was, raged all within. So too we often find in nature, many a peaceful and smiling landscape actually covering confused and disjointed masses of rock, which to the piercing eye of science reveal the terrible upheavals and convulsions that must have preceded that scene of rural beauty and repose, on which the eye loves to dwell. If sorrow had, the evening before, deepened the lines on his open countenance, saintly resignation had smoothed away all trace of sorrow's visit; if a tear for the sufferings of others had escaped him in this visitation from on High,

> "It was a tear so limpid and so meek,
> It would not stain an angel's cheek."—

Ere morning dawned he had already carefully matured his plans for the future; and on Rev. Fr. Boulanger's announcing that all were to go to Fordham with him, he quietly asked: "and what shall we do for professors and confessors if you take all away?" Rev. F. Superior opened his eyes in blank astonishment, and exclaimed: "You have neither church nor school, scarcely a house to spend the night in, what can you do with professors?" Fr. Larkin to every

one's surprise, coolly remarked; "The professors shall teach their classes to-morrow, and the Fathers attend to their confessionals as usual." A dead silence followed this announcement. Had the blow, fatigue and excitement clouded his reason? Such was the dread thought uppermost in the minds of all. But it vanished as he added—"Yes, I shall make arrangements with Fr. Smith, Pastor of St. James' in James Street, to open without delay our classes in the basement of his church, till we find better accommodations; and our parishioners we can attend to in the French church."

"His plan was followed; Fr. Smith kindly made all the necessary preparation, and two days later, to the great joy of our students, who had thronged the house daily, to condole with their afflicted professors, the classes were resumed. Fr. Larkin's next thought was for his church, which all urged him to rebuild at once. He determined,—yielded to their wishes, and in a week's time had already collected $6,000, brought to the house by the zealous and charitable members of the congregation."

He had many anecdotes to relate, in his own pleasing way, respecting those who offered him their little mites towards the erection of the new church. One day at dinner, he drew from his pocket two large, rosy apples, saying: "These apples certainly deserve a 'Deo Gratias!' I was passing through the Bowery to-day, he continued, when I was accosted by an apple woman, who began her salutation with a 'well Fr. Larkin, your church is burnt; the Lord be praised!' 'The Lord be praised!' I repeated, are you then glad of it? 'Oh! God forbid,' she replied, 'but then we must give God glory for everything.' I acknowledged in my heart the truth of her remark, and resolved to profit by the lesson she gave me. 'Ah! Father,' she continued, 'if I had some money to give you! but I am a poor widow with five children, that I must support by my apples. Something I can give, and I hope it will

have all the blessings of a widow's mite. You must take the two finest apples in my basket.' She then offered me these two apples, which I was forced to take; but she absolutely refused to tell me her name." Each member of the community received his share of the fruit, rendered doubly sweet by the christian charity that prompted the giver. On another occasion, a poor woman called at the door and offered $25 towards the erection of the church. Fr. Larkin, judging from her appearance that she could not well afford to give that sum, asked her if she was rich enough to give so much. "What I give you," she replied, "is all I have been able to save after many years of labor. I have not another cent." "Oh! then, I cannot accept it," replied Fr. Larkin. "O Father!" replied the good woman, "you cannot refuse it. God, to whom I give it, will not permit me to die of hunger." She, too, would not give her name.

Despite the generosity of the faithful and the eagerness of all to see the church rebuilt, new difficulties arose, which produced another new phase in the affairs of our Mission. His Grace, the Archbishop, with his characteristic firmness, positively refused to consent to the erection of the new church, unless Our Fathers would accept all the responsibilities of parish priests. This Fr. Larkin was unwilling to do; and as the neighborhood was unsuitable for the erection of a college alone, it was determined to sell the property, pay off all the debts, and seek a more eligible portion of the city for a new college.

Meantime the classes were continued, amid a thousand difficulties, in the basement of St. James' Church. We again quote from the diary before referred to: "The students suffered still more than ourselves, but we mutually consoled each other with the hope that we should soon have a fine college. We continued to reside as before, near the old church, now in ashes,—took our breakfast at half past six, and then started with the first students that

passed our house for St. James' Church. Here we remained teaching till 3, P. M., when we dismissed the boys for the day, and returned home for our dinner at 4. Only God and those who have experienced it, know how hard a life that was! How often in going to the school rooms in the morning, were we drenched with rain, and had to remain all day in our wet clothes. Yet neither ourselves, nor any of our pupils, thanks to God, ever fell sick during the whole winter. The students afforded us great consolation, and it was their delight to accompany us on our way home after the classes were over.

"But it was impossible to keep the school any longer in its inconvenient situation; and, as much time would necessarily be consumed in the purchase of lots and the building of the new college, it remained only to hire for a time some more appropriate building. This was no easy task, as no one wished to rent his house for a Jesuit school. Father Larkin, who was animated with a great devotion towards the Holy Angels, requested all the community to enter on a novena to these heavenly spirits. On the first or second day after the novena had been begun, two ladies, who had indeed for a long time been ministering angels to our community, came to inform us that No. 77, 3rd Avenue, near 11th St., was a dwelling house that would suit. Accordingly, on the 1st of May, 1848, the community removed to their new abode. Owing, however, to the increased distance, the students from Jersey City and Brooklyn, by degrees left us, and our number was reduced to 60."

While Fr. Larkin was still busily engaged in his search after a fitting site for his new college, he was astounded one day, by the receipt of a letter from the Archbishop of Quebec, congratulating him on his promotion to the episcopacy, and stating that his Grace had just received orders from Rome to consecrate him for the See of Toronto; moreover, that Fr. Larkin himself would, in a few days,

receive from His Holiness the necessary documents and commands. A copy of the Brief accompanied the letter.

In the spirit of those humble men against whom a council of the early Church thought it necessary to issue a special canon forbidding any one falsely to accuse himself in order to escape episcopal ordination,* Fr. Larkin returned the Brief unopened, and, in haste, flew to his Superior for permission to cross the ocean immediately, before positive orders could arrive, and, by a personal interview, induce the Sovereign Pontiff not to insist on his acceptance of any ecclesiastical dignity. The Superior of the mission yielded at once to his earnest entreaties, and Fr. Larkin started without delay. It was none too soon, for, on his passage he crossed the wake of the ship bearing the positive orders of Pius IX., which he was so anxious to escape. Arrived in France, he visited the papal nuncio in the hope of inducing him to urge his suit, but was sadly disappointed when the prelate, struck with his lofty bearing and noble presence, sportively replied to all his arguments: "Why, you are the very kind of man we want to wear the mitre; and I warn you, if you wish to escape it, not to let his Holiness see you; if you do, you are surely undone." Happily, for the distressed Father, in his flight from honors, very Rev. Fr. Provincial had not to consult so immediately the good of the Church at large, and could fully enter into his state of mind. Though on embracing Fr. Larkin, he had expressed great surprise at seeing him so far away from his diocese, and smilingly rallied him for so flagrant a breach of the canons; he at once wrote to our most Rev. Fr. Roothaan, begging him to intercede with his Holiness, in behalf of the humble child of the Society.

Still, the warning of the nuncio kept ringing in Fr. Larkin's ears, and, fearing to proceed on his journey, he begged to be sent at once to Laon, for his third year of probation.

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*Darras—Hist. of Cath. Church. Vol. I, p. 509.

His Superiors once more granted his request; and, in the mean time, an account of the whole matter was forwarded to the Sovereign Pontiff who could find no words of blame for the detached religious, and kindly consented to insist no longer.

(*To be continued.*)

THE DEVOTION TOWARDS ST. JOSEPH AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER OF A STUDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

GEORGETOWN, MARCH 6th, 1874.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I must not omit to tell you something about the remarkable increase of fervor which has attended the devotion to St. Joseph in the College, within the last few years. We are not without hope that others may be led to love and honor St. Joseph more when they know what he has done for us. Though we have not, we trust, at any time neglected our holy Patron, yet there was wanting something to make the devotion visible to all in a striking way, and the occasion of supplying this want was offered, shortly after St. Joseph had been chosen as Patron of the whole Church, by the pious generosity of some of the humble members of our community. Mr. O'Gorman, whose name will fall familiarly on the ears of all who have dwelt in Georgetown College for years back, offered to give fifty dollars towards the erection of a statue of St Joseph, on the College grounds. This proposition was readily accepted, and the fund doubled, by the late Fr. Early who was then

Rector of the College; further additions were made by contributions from Mr. Robbins, another of our College worthies, and from other sources within the College, and the sum, in a very few days, reached two hundred dollars.

A fine zinc statue, six feet high, was purchased and much discussion followed as to the most appropriate position for its erection. All other claims were set aside when the centre-plot of the neat Infirmary garden was mentioned. The position is certainly beautiful, on the brow of the hill which slopes down to the Potomac, overlooking towards the east, the cities of Georgetown and Washington, and, southward, Arlington heights, with the splendid, sweeping bend of the river between; and then, the Infirmary had always been in a somewhat special manner under the protection of St. Joseph. These considerations, backed by the petition of the inmates of the Infirmary, carried the day.

On the morning of the 10th of June the statue was placed upon the pedestal erected for it in the centre of the Infirmary garden. The ceremony of the blessing was performed in the evening by the venerable Father McElroy, in the presence of the Community, the students, and a few invited friends. After the usual ceremonial prescribed for such occasions, Fr. McElroy made a short but impressive address and concluded by a touching prayer, placing the College, and particularly the Infirmary, under the especial patronage and protection of St. Joseph.

His prayer was heard. For since that day, blessings have been many—mishaps few. Shortly after this the College Physician, a Protestant, presented two large iron flower-vases. The following day the junior students offered their assistance for the cultivation of the garden. And during winter and summer, contrary to the expectations of many, they have persevered in their generous undertaking. Judging by the appearance of the grounds around the statue, one would think they had been under the care of experienced hands.—St. Joseph has shown his love for us,

even in a more signal way.—In the fall of '72, the measles were raging throughout the District—they entered the College once, but disappeared as soon as our Patron was invoked. The year passed away with no real illness.

This seemed so surprising to our Physician, that he exclaimed: "Be it St. Joseph or not, it is wonderful how little sickness there has been here of late."

The inmates of the Infirmary to express their gratitude for such marked protection burnt a light at his shrine during the following month of March.

Again, in April '73, the measles appeared in the District, and notwithstanding the frequent intercourse of the students with the citizens, there were only two or three slight cases at the College. When it was learned how kind St. Joseph had been, the students, eager to testify their thankfulness, resolved to keep the light burning before St. Joseph's statue the whole year. Besides this, they gave two terra cotta lambs, with vases, fancy shells and flowers to ornament the grounds, and new tools wherewith the young gardeners might pursue their labors.

I may also add that not long ago, a finely finished marble vase was presented by a friend of the College. This vase is placed upon a marble slab in front of the statue. The slab of which I speak, was erected in memory of a deceased companion, by the junior students. He is lost to sight but to their memories is dear; for often he visits them as they love to believe, by some little favor. They have had his name "Ralston" inscribed on the slab.—It is not necessary to say that the friends of St. Joseph are increasing, but of late the devotion has taken a new form.

A society has been organized. The rules which I here affix will explain all.

At a meeting of the Philosophy class, Feb. 9th, '74, it was resolved:—That we, the Philosophers of Georgetown College, assume the task of establishing firmly among the students, the devotion to St. Joseph.

In view thereof, that we unite and form a Society, principally to show our love for St. Joseph, and secondly, our respect to the memory of our late beloved Rector, Fr. Early, whose dying wish was that this devotion should be perpetuated.

In compliance with the above the following rules were adopted.—

Rules.

I.—That one of our members shall be appointed to act as chief Director; whose duty it shall be to see that these rules are carried into effect, and at the end of the scholastic year, to transmit this charge to the succeeding Philosophy class.

II.—That another member of our class shall be appointed to act as Treasurer, who shall receive the subscriptions from the collectors appointed.

III.—That it shall be the duty of the Director to appoint one member of each class or division, to call upon each of his Catholic classmates, and explain the object and motive as above, and receive his subscription.

IV.—That the subscription from each one shall not exceed the sum of five cents which shall be placed in the common fund, for obtaining oil to burn in the lamp, for this year, from March 1st, '74, to March 1st, '75.

V.—That the meeting for this purpose should take place each year, on some convenient occasion, in or before the last week of February.

VI.—That the Treasurer, having received all the subscriptions, shall obtain the oil himself, or give the necessary sum to one of the Brothers, to procure it for the Society. Any sum over and above, will be devoted to St. Joseph's honor as seems best.

VII.—That the duty of the above named Brother will be, to see that the lamp is always supplied with oil and kept burning from sundown to sunrise.

VIII.—That the lamp shall be kept burning by day as

well as by night during the two examinations, as also during the prevalence of any disease among the students, to obtain St. Joseph's blessing and protection.

This association with its officers elected from among the members of the class of Philosophy, aided by assistance from each of the other classes, was formed immediately and has since been in active and successful operation. We trust that our humble efforts to honor the great Saint whom God favored so highly, may be fruitful of those blessings we seek through his intercession. * * * *

SIXTH CENTENNIAL FEAST OF ST. THOMAS AT WOODSTOCK.

In a house of studies like ours it would have ill beseemed the sons of the Society to let the sixth centennial Feast of St. Thomas of Aquin pass by without striving, as far as in us lay, to celebrate it with befitting pomp. Accordingly, we regarded it in the light of a plain duty, but a very pleasing one, that the members of our Scholasticate, which is yet in early infancy, should seize on so fair a chance of showing that, in deep and tender love for the Angel of the Schools, we are nowise unlike our Brothers in houses which are old in years and bright with the glory of the past. And, indeed, it is no matter of wonder that we should have felt such eagerness. For, having no long past of our own to point to as token and proof of the success that we have reached, we have at least a present so rich in promise that it is a fair pledge and guaranty of the bright future that Woodstock may hope for. Within our walls are gathered

Scholastics from the Provinces and Missions of N. America; which is only another way of saying that the honor of the Society, over this wide Western Continent, has been, in a great measure, entrusted to our keeping. A high trust, no doubt, and a heavy responsibility! How can we best fulfil it? How shall we mould and fashion the young soldiers so that they be worthy to take their place in the great battle for God's glory which their elder brothers have been fighting for so long a time and so briskly? What weapons must be chosen—how are they to be wielded? These are the great questions for us; not new ones, we are aware, nor needing an answer that is not old. Still, as the questions are ever pressing, an old answer, if so be that it is the right one, is better than a new one. Let this be our plea for repeating it.

We say, then, that since the kind of weapon to be selected ought to be determined by the kind of warfare in which it is to be used, we need but cast a hasty glance upon the tactics of our enemies to learn from them what choice we ought to make. They have entrenched themselves, in boasted security, behind what they think to be the strong ramparts of philosophical knowledge. Great is their fame among the children of this world! High up they dwell in the haughty towers which, by fair words and unscientific assumptions, they have built for themselves upon the shifting sands of error! They claim the proud honor of being sole guardians of all that is truest, and heralds of all that is best; and their claim, viewed in the light of the Gospel, is plain proof enough that their wisdom has been turned into foolishness. Still, we cannot deny that their place is high in this world nor that the passing glory with which they shine enchants many an unwary gazer—that, in a word, they lure to earth and falsehood souls which were made for heaven and truth. How can we dislodge them, how batter down their ramparts? If attacked with weapons of a different kind from those they have chosen, they can dodge our weightiest blows and baffle all our

skill; so that if we would fight, as valiant soldiers of the Lord, unto victory, we must equip us for the contest such-wise that our blows may be felt. In other words, we must become men of great philosophical knowledge.

And, surely, we have not far to go in quest of such armor; for have we not the works of St. Thomas from which we may draw forth weapons of keenest edge and of finest temper. Is he not—to use the strong words of Pope Clement the Sixth—"the mighty spiritual sword with which men of strong arm can slash to pieces all the errors of the world?" Is not his the Angel's voice ringing down through all the ages with no trembling of uncertainty in its tones—was not his the "single eye that seemed to see all truths in their eternal unity"—the glance keen enough and the logic subtle enough to recognize the faintest thread of truth and to disentangle it from the network of sophistry in which it may be interwoven? Has he not, in a manner, forecast the years and solved by anticipation the same errors that stalk with proudest gait to-day? In fine, is it not our privilege to be the sons of Fathers who did great things for God's glory by the zealous care with which they guarded and the noble works by which they illustrated the teachings of the Angelical; so that a love of them has come down to us as a precious heirloom. From them, warranted as they have been, so often and by such high authorities, we may, freely and securely, draw forth what is so much needed; and thus we may stand forward fully armed for the fray.

But all that is not yet enough. It is good, indeed, for the soldier to be well armed, but is of greater moment that he should be thoroughly disciplined. It is good for the soldier of Christ to have science, but it is essential that he have the discipline of sanctity to use it with profit; since knowledge, after all, is only the arm, sanctity the muscle and sinews that give power to its stroke. Now, in both, the Angel of the Schools, Doctor at once and Saint, is a shining model for us to copy; and, though we may scarcely

hope to reach so high a degree of excellence in either as he did, we may, at least, keep him in our view and shape our course by his example; believing that the nearer we come to him, in knowledge and holiness, the better able we shall be to beat back the enemies of religion, to raise the fallen from the dust and help them on the way to heaven. On the other hand, if it were possible that all the knowledge of St. Thomas should be ours, without any of his holiness, it would serve to little purpose beyond that of puffing us up with vain conceit. It was the union of both that made him so great a champion in the cause of truth; and, since we, in however humble a way, aim at becoming his helpmates in so noble a work, we love to honor one who, in so sublime a degree, shone with the qualities we are most eager to acquire.

Space does not allow us to give an account, in detail, of the way in which we celebrated the centennial Feast at Woodstock. We may, however, mention the headings of the *literary* exercises in which we strove to do honor to the Angelical Doctor. We had an English Essay on "St. Thomas and modern science"—a Latin Ode, "His Genius" —a Greek Ode, "His Doctrine conducive to sanctity"—French Poetry, "His Doctrine's influence on Society"—a Spanish Cancion, "His Doctrine common in the Schools" —English Poem, "His Doctrine cherished by our Society" —Italian Terza-rima, "His Doctrine on Creation"—German Poetry, "His Doctrine on the soul"—Latin Verses, "His Doctrine on the Trinity"—Hebrew Verses, "His Doctrine on the Incarnation," and an English Poem, "His Doctrine on the Eucharist." During the interludes our Choir sang, in a very exquisite manner, the two hymns of St. Thomas—"Adoro Te" and "Lauda Sion;" and, finally, as a memorial of the day, each member of our Scholasticate received a neatly-printed sheet containing eulogies pronounced upon St. Thomas by Sovereign Pontiffs and by General Congregations and Superiors of our Society.

MISSION AT SUSQUEHANNA, PA.

From a letter of F. Emig to Very Rev. F. Provincial.

Frederick, March 26th, 1874.

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The mission at the Church of St. John Nepomucene, Susquehanna, Pa. came to a close on Sunday evening last. During the two weeks of the Exercises the weather was unpropitious, a violent snow-storm raging for ten successive days. This was followed by rain; and on the last two days, we had bright and beautiful weather, with the thermometer at 16° below freezing point. The attendance, however, at the exercises was numerous and the success most glorious. Though the Church has no bell to summon the people to Divine service, still there were always over one hundred persons at Mass each morning at half past 5; and at the second Mass, at 9, we had a congregation of from five to seven hundred. In the evening the Church was filled to overflowing. At half past 2 P. M. the children preparing for first communion, who numbered 107, received an instruction each day. The total number of communions was 1614; of these, 1435 came to me to confession; and if the remaining 200 had had a chance, they too would have come to the "*Holy Commissioner.*" The good pastor assured me that scarce a dozen persons were left who had not approached holy communion. About 400, nearly all of whom were men, were invested with the Scapular—the

women had been invested on former occasions. About six barrels of water were blessed in honor of St. Ignatius, and there was such a rush for it the first day that, for the sake of order, some men had to be appointed to distribute it to all. On the last day of the mission a Sodality for young girls was established, counting about 60 menbers. It is to be under the title of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, having for special patron St. Aloysius.

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FOREIGN NEWS ITEMS.

Rome.—All our Houses in Rome have been seized, excepting the German and the South American Colleges. By a special exception the Government officials refused to allow any one of Ours to remain in charge of our Churches, a privilege granted to the other Religious Orders, or to officiate in them. It was only after the new Rectors, who are secular Priests, had made a special request to that effect, that permission was given to the sacristans to remain, on condition that they should appear only in secular dress.

The Gesu has been made the Head quarters of the Engineer Corps and of the Commissary Department; S. Eusebio is now a military hospital; it is the intention of our rulers to make of the Roman College a national Boarding College for the Department of Rome, and the work of preparation has already begun there. A very small portion of the Novitiate (Sant Andrea) has been occupied by the Government, because the larger and better part of the house is held by the South American College, which has had possession for the last seven or eight years.

Fr. Secchi, with a few Fathers and Brothers, remains in charge of the Observatory of the Roman College. An entrance has been opened for him, under the Chapel of the Caravita, into the kitchen corridor; so that he has now that part of the house which used to be occupied by the Provincial, the Infirmary corridor leading into the shoe-shop, and the one which leads into the tribunes and the Observatory—in a word, all that part of the first, second, and third stories under the quarters once occupied by the Philosophers. They have also left him all that part of the College belonging to the Observatory, with a few rooms on the Masters' Corridor, and the little oratories of St. Aloysius, from which a new passage has been opened to the Observatory.

The two Sodality Chapels—the *Prima Primaria* and the *Scaletta*—have also been saved, and for these also a new entrance was made through the little doors near the altar of St. Aloysius. The Museum, the Cabinet, the Apothecary shop and the Library are in the hands of the Government. The students of the foreign Colleges are now obliged to go to the American College for the lectures in Philosophy, and to the German College for Theology.

Germany.—The German Scholastics have taken refuge partly in Holland, partly in England and at Laval. One or two Fathers still remain in the German Empire; all the other members of the province to the number of 755 have been driven into exile. They have however left behind them precious remembrances in the esteem and love of the Bishops the Clergy, Catholics in general and all right-minded Protestants. The exiles have profited of their banishment to establish a mission in Denmark and another in Sweden.

Province of Lyons.—Our fathers of Lyons have founded two new stations in Africa in the Great Kabyles. The college of Oran having been suppressed, they have opened a day-school at Algier. In Syria the former residence at Damascus has been reopened and is rapidly regaining its ancient importance; attached to it are five numerous congregations.

Madagascar.—Our fathers write that they are overwhelmed with work; over one hundred stations are served by them and many villages are asking to be prepared for baptism.

China.—Our fathers on the Chinese missions continue to enjoy tranquillity. Pilgrimages to our Lady's shrine at Zo-ce are as numerous as ever: on the feast of the Patronage of the Blessed Virgin there were 1800 communicants. F. Bichon with a delegation of the principal Christians recently visited Zo-ce to offer in the name of his flock a heart of gold to Our Lady. Marvellous cures and miraculous conversions are of frequent occurrence. F. della Corte writes that a Lady in his mission, whose life the physicians had nearly despaired of, vowed a pilgrimage to Zo-ce, began a novena to Our Lady of Lourdes, and on the ninth day received a prefect cure.

Our good Bishop, Languillat, recently made his visitation of Ning-Kouo-fou, and received everywhere the greatest consolation: his journey through the province was quite a triumph. Among the wheat, cockle will always be found, but of the 20,000 catechumens enrolled by our fathers in the Province of Nankin, there are many sincere and pious souls. Schools are established as speedily as possible to secure the proper formation of our converts and to prepare them for baptism. The Bishop and our own Superior find everything to console them in the work already accomplished.

F. Colombel's Observatory at Zi-Ka-Wei (near Chang-Hai) is becoming well known, and is constantly attracting crowds of distinguished and intelligent visitors, who are loud in their praise of his labors. Among recent guests were the Russian Minister, the English, American and Dutch Consuls, the Governor of Macao, the Admirals of the station, etc. New instruments have just been received; the machine of F. Secchi is expected. For seven or eight months past, F. Heude has been making explorations in the northern portions of the province. Our printing press is issuing Chinese works, and soon we shall begin the publishing of books in the European languages.

On Dec. 8th, 1873, the corner-stone of a new Carmelite Convent was blessed and placed in position. The *Auxiliatrices* are succeeding well, and four native Chinese have already taken vows amongst them.

India, *Negapatam.*—The College which was re-opened on the 15th of August, has an attendance of 400 scholars, an increase of forty over the preceding year. On the 25th of November, the Governor of Madras, who was passing through Negapatam, paid a visit to the College and expressed his great satisfaction at all he beheld. This mark of respect from the ruler of thirty-five millions of people is the more valuable as His Excellency rarely visits Negapatam. The following note was lately received from an Englishman, connected with one of the chief colleges in Madras. "I would like to enter my son at St. Joseph's College and have him remain there as a boarder until he takes his Bachelor's degree. I was present yesterday at a meeting of the Senate of the University, of which I have the honor to be a member, and the favorable comments passed on your institution made me anxious to give my son the advantages of the education which you impart." The meagre resources of the College render it necessary to refuse all such applications looking towards the establishment of a boarding school for Europeans.

Various Items.—F. Lluch, Visitor of the Philippine Islands, has been appointed Superior-General of those missions. The College of Manilla is flourishing, having increased both in the number of pupils in attendance and in the personnel of the faculty.—The missions of Mindanao have been confided to our fathers under F. Bertran as Superior.—In Japan the exiles have returned to their posts, but they enjoy no more liberty than formerly: they are constantly under espionage and cannot leave their houses without being followed by officers of the government.—The first process for the beatification of our martyrs of Paris has been completed and forwarded to Rome.—The cause of the V. F. Baldinucci is far advanced.

D. O. M.